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"ONE, TWO, THREE."

BY O. C. BUNKER.

It was an old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a little fellow,
With a little bitty treated knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played 'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With the base on the broad, high knee
And a boy with a busted knee.

The boy would head his face down
On his little sound right knee,
And he guessed where she was hiding
In guesses one, two, three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had two and three.

"You are up in papa's big bed room,
In the chest with the queer old key,"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you are not quite right," said she.

"It isn't be the little cupboard
Where mamma hangs her clothes sometimes,
Don't you be in the clothes press, Fatty,"
And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were speckled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

TAKEN LITERALLY.

BY WILL T. HALE.

I'll gone that night to learn She's mind—
Jos Reekly was the reason.
A rival's good at times, I find,
To make us force a season.
I'd dallied for a year till Joe
Ask'd me where to call to know
Just how she viewed my pursuits,
As in the letter that I wrote,
And both my hearts offered.

Such as the ones that follow,
She heard in some such wise arise
As sees the flowers spring in,
And when I called she seemed more shy
Than I've heard the mockbirds singin'!

But when I called she seemed more shy
Per some cause or another
And I felt like I'd come all the way by,
My footed hopes to smother.
"Dear Sue, be mine!" I said at last
An edged a little nigher,
But not one word—her eyes downcast
Or bashful in the fire.
An then she raised her eyes ag'in
As said, my heart to thrill:
"You say you've heard, by lookin in
The dictionary, I will.
Why should I speak, then? Seems to me
That you're a curious man, sir,
For if you look once more, you see,
Why can't you hear my answer?"

The captain knocked him down with a blow of one enormous fist.

MORAN, OF THE LADY LETTY.

A Story of Rough Life at Sea.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

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CHAPTER I.

This is to be a story of a battle, at least one murder and several sudden deaths, and that reason it begins with a look at a dinner party and a group of well dressed debutantes and the talk, frank and free, of Cambridge toys.

There had been a great number of debutantes "coming out" that season in San Francisco, for reasons of affluence, gaiety, bivouac and otherwise. This particular tea was indetail a reflection of the fact that Josie Herrick had arrived at the age when she must put her hair up over her head instead of down her back, and her own quite distinct from that of her mother.

Rose Wilbur presented herself at the Herrick house on Pacific avenue that early upon the afternoon of Miss Herrick's tea. As she was ushered into the reception room she saw a score of girls busy over a millinery and a disquieting staccato clutter of feminine voices in the parlors and reception rooms on either side of the hallway. A single look told her that she had been set apart for the men's use and fenced him to his antipodes.

"Might have known it would be a hen party," she said to herself, as she tossed her hat out of her veil. "Where on earth have one girl in twenty down there now—all manner of breeds of like that my papa's maiden sisters, and Jo's school teachers and governesses and—and—Lord knows what else."

When Miss Town be found it precisely as he expected. He went up to Miss Herrick and, after the usual form of compliments, two of the other girls came around them to chaff him on his forlornness.

"Now, what are we men said Rose Wilbur to them. "Set resig I am very much frightened. I'm going to run away as soon as it is decently possible, even before, unless you feel me."

"I believe you had litchen not two hours ago," said Miss Herrick, laughing along them, and I'll give you some chocolate, and perhaps you will be less scared after I get them just because I knew you liked them. I ought to stay here and receive, so I can't look after you for long."

The two fought their way through the crowded rooms to the luncheon table, and Miss Herrick got Wilbur a chocolate and his stuffed olive. They sat down and talked for a few minutes, and then Wilbur said he looking for some one and excused as he tried to make a leg for his plate.

"I thought," said Miss Herrick, "you were going on the Ridgeway's yachting party this afternoon. Mrs. Ridgeway told me was counting on you. They are going out with the fleet."

"She didn't count above a hundred, then," said Wilbur, "for I'm not going. I'm sad but, as I reported the yachting party, and I guess I'd have regretted it if I had gone, as it would at her cost his cap.

"Nice man," she said, adding on the instant, "I must go now, Rose."

"Wait till I eat the sugar out of my cup," commanded Wilbur. "Tell me," he added, scraping vigorously at the bottom of the cup, "who is that man over there with the—the—the—the—the—"

"Prophets are not good form any more," said Miss Herrick.

"Forgetting a dance is worse."

He made the words carding, writing on the one he kept for himself—"First waltz—Jo."

"I must go back now," said Miss Herrick, getting up.

"Wait till one I shall ran—I'm afraid of some."

"It's a pity about you."

"I will, she said, I don't cry, but girl in the agreegate like this," and he pointed his chin toward the thronged parlors, "it unnerves me."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by until tonight about—"

"About two."

"About like, then."

Miss Herrick made his adieu to Mrs. Herrick and the girls who were receiving and took himself away. As he came out of the house and stood for a moment on the steps settling his hat gingerly upon his hair so as not to disturb the parting, he was not by any means an ill-looking chap. His good height was helped out by his long coat and his high silk hat, and there was plenty of joy in the lower part of his face. Nor was his tailor altogether answerable for his good looks. Rose Wilbur was the son of Rose Wilbur and a Virginia girl who had scarcely lost in an eastern college that was not accounted to athletic discomforts.

"I wonder what I'm going to do with myself until noon?" he muttered, as he came down the steps, feeling for the middle of his stick. He found no immediate answer to his question. But the afternoon was young, and the fact that the invitation of the town, with a half-formed idea of looking in at his club.

At the club he found a letter in his box from his particular chum, who had been spending the month's running ship in Oregon.

"Dear Old Man," he said. "Will be back on the afternoon you receive this. Will hit the town on the 5 o'clock boat. Get seats for the best show going—I feel—owing to my range to assimilate nutriment at the table. Will be down on the dock to meet you. Am looking for a good to rest of three solid night. I've got a stand of horns for you, Rose. You are fierce. Yachtenly, YOUR JERRY."

"Well, I can't go," murmured Wilbur, as he remembered the assembly that was to come off that night and engaged dance with Jo Herrick. He decided that it would be time enough to write to Jerry after the boat, and sit him how matters stood, and I guess I'd have regretted it, anyway, to be out of her over his cap.

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"If you mean the assembly, yes, I am."

"Will you give me the first and last?"

"I'll give you the first, and you can ask for the last then."

"Let's put it down; I know you'll forget it," Wilbur began a couple of cards from his pocket.

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results could the change be guessed at. He went down the forward hatch at the toe of Kitchell's boot—silk-hatted, melton-overcoated. Two minutes later there emerged upon the deck a figure in oilskins and a sou'wester. There was blood upon the face of him and the grime of an unclean ship upon his bare hands. It was Wilbur, and yet not Wilbur. In two minutes he had been, in a way, born again. The only traces of his former self were the patent leather boots, still persistent in their gloss and shine, that showed with grim incongruity below the vast compass of the oilskin breeches.

As Wilbur came on deck he saw the crew of the schooner hurrying forward, six of them, Chinamen every one, in brown jeans and black hats. On the quarterdeck stood the captain, barking his orders.

"Consider the Lilee of the Villee," bellowed the latter as his eye fell upon Wilbur the Transformed. "Clap on to that starboard windlass brake, sonny."

Wilbur saw the Chinamen ranging themselves about what he guessed was the windlass in the schooner's bow. He followed and took his place among them, grasping one of the bars.

"Break down!" came the next order. Wilbur and the Chinamen obeyed, heaving up and down the bars till the slack of the anchor chain came home and stretched taut and dripping from the hawse-holes.

"'Vast heavin'!"

And then as Wilbur released the brake and turned about for the next order, he cast his glance out upon the bay, and there, not fifty yards away, her spotless sails tense, her cordage humming, her immaculate flanks slipping easily through the waves, the water hissing and churning under her forefoot, clean, gleaming, dainty and aristocratic, the Ridgeways' yacht Petrel passed like a thing of life. Wilbur saw Nat Ridgeway himself at the wheel. Girls in smart gowns and young fellows in white ducks and yachting caps—all friends of his—crowded the decks. A little orchestra of musicians were reeling off a quickstep.

The popping of champagne cork and a gale of talk and laughter came to his ears. Wilbur stared at the picture, his face devoid of expression. The Petrel came on—drew nearer—was not thirty feet away from the schooner's stern. A strong swimmer, such as Wilbur, could cover the distance in half a dozen strokes. Two minutes ago Wilbur might have—

"Set your main-s'l!" came the bellow of Captain Kitchell. "Clap on to your throat and peak halyards."

The Chinamen hurried aft.

Wilbur followed.

CHAPTER II.

In the course of the next few moments, while the little vessel was being got under way, and while the Ridgeways' Petrel dwindled off into the blue distance, Wilbur made certain observations.

The name of the boat on which he found himself was the Bertha Millner. She was a two-topmast, two-ton keel schooner, forty feet long, carrying a large spread of sail—mainsail, foresail, jib, flying jib, two gaff topsail and a staysail. She was very dirty and smelled abominably of rancid oil. Her crew were Chinese; there was no mate. But the cook—himself a Chinese—who appeared from time to time at the door of the galley, a potato masher in hand, seemed to have some sort of authority over the hands. He acted in a manner as a go-between for the captain and the crew, sometimes interpreting the former's orders and occasionally giving one of his own.

Wilbur heard the captain address him as Charlie. He spoke pigeon English fairly. Of the balance of the crew—the five Chinese—Wilbur could make nothing. They never spoke, neither to Captain Kitchell, to Charlie, nor to each other, and for all the notice they took of Wilbur he might easily have been a sack of sand. Wilbur felt that his advent on the Bertha Millner was by its very nature an extraordinary event, but the absolute indifference of these brown-suited Mongols, the blankness of their flat, fat faces, the dullness of their slanting, bullet eyes that never met his own or even wandered in his direction, was uncanny; disquieting. In what strange venture was he now to be involved, toward what unknown vortex was this new current setting, this current that had so suddenly snatched him from the solid ground of his accustomed life?

He told himself grimly that he was to have a free cruise up the bay, perhaps as far as Alviso, perhaps the Bertha Millner would even make the circuit of the bay before returning to San Francisco. He might be gone a week. Wilbur could already see the scare heads of the daily papers the next morning chronicling the disappearance of "One of society's most popular members."

"That's well, y'r throat halyards. Here Lilee of the Vallee, give a couple of y'r peak halyard purchase."

Wilbur stared at the captain helplessly.

"No can tell, hey?" inquired Charlie from the galley. "Pullum diss lope; sabe?" Wilbur tugged at the rope the cook indicated.

"That's well, y'r peak halyard purchase," chanted Captain Kitchell.

Wilbur made the rope fast. The mainsail was set and hung slatting and flapping in the wind. Next the for'sail was set in much the same manner, and Wilbur was ordered to "lay out on the jboom and cast the gasketts off the jib." He "lay out" as best he could and cast off the gasketts—he knew barely enough of yachting to understand an order here and there—and by the time he was back on the fo'c'sle head the Chinese were at the jib halyard and hoisting away.

"That's well, y'r jib halyards."

The Bertha Millner veered around and played off to the wind, tugging at her anchor.

"Man y'r windlass."

Wilbur and the crew jumped once more to the brakes.

"Brake down, heave y'r anchor to the cathead."

The anchor chain, already taut, vibrated and then clanked through the hawse holes as the hands rose and fell at the brakes. The anchor came home dripping gray slime. A nor'west wind filled the schooner's sails, a strong ebb tide caught her under foot.

"We're off," muttered Wilbur, as the Bertha Millner heeled to the first gust.

But evidently the schooner was not bound up the bay.

"Must be Vallejo or Benicia, then," hazarded Wilbur, as the sails grew tenser and the water rippled ever louder under the schooner's forefoot. "Maybe they're going after hay or wheat."

The schooner was tacking, headed directly for Meigs's wharf. She came in closer and closer, so close that Wilbur could hear the talk of the fishermen sitting on the stringpieces. He had just made up his mind that they were to make a landing there when:

"Stand by forestays," came the raucous bark of the captain, who had taken the wheel. The sails slatted furiously as the schooner came about. Then the Bertha Millner caught the wind again and lay over quietly and contentedly to her work. The next tack brought the schooner close under Alcatraz. The sea became heavier, the breeze grew stiff and smelt of the outside ocean. Out beyond them to westward opened the Golden Gate, a bleak vista of gray-green water roughened with white-caps.

"Stand by the forestays."

Once again the rudder went hard over and the Bertha Millner fretted and danced and shook her sails calling impatiently for the wind, chafing at its absence like a child reft of a toy. Then again she scooped the nor'wester in the hollow palms of her tense canvases and settled quietly down on the new tack, her bowsprit pointing straight toward the Presidio.

"We'll come about again soon," Wilbur told himself, "and stand over toward the Contra Costa coast."

A fine huge breath of wind passed over the schooner. She heeled to it on the instant, the water roaring along her quarter, but she kept on her course. Wilbur fell thoughtful again, never more keenly observant.

"She must come about soon," he muttered, uneasily. "If she's going to stand up toward Vallejo. His heart sank with a sudden apprehension. A nervousness he could not overcome seized upon him. The Bertha Millner held tenaciously to the track. Within fifty yards of the Presidio came the command again:

"Stand by forestays."

Once more, her bows dancing, her cordage rattling, her sails flapping noisily, the schooner came about. Anxiously Wilbur observed the bowsprit as it circled like a hand on a dial, watching where now it would point. It wavered, fluctuated, rose, fell, then settled easily, pointing toward Lime point. Wilbur felt a sudden coldness at his heart.

"This isn't going to be so much fun," he muttered between his teeth. The schooner was not bound up the bay for Alviso nor to Vallejo for grain. The tack toward Lime point could mean but one thing. The wind was freshening from the nor'west, the ebb tide rushing out to meet the ocean like a mill race, at every moment the Golden Gate opened out wider, and within two minutes after the time of the last tack the Bertha Millner heeled to a great gust that had come booming in between the heads, straight from the open Pacific.

"Stand by forestays."

As before one of the Chinese hands stood by the sail rope of the jib.

"Draw y'r jib."

The jib filled. The schooner came about on the port tack; Lime point fell away over the stern rail. The huge ground swells began to come in, and as she rose and bowed to the first of these it was precisely as though her courtesy to the great gray ocean, now for the first time in full sight on her starboard quarter.

The schooner was beating out to sea through the middle channel. Once clear of the Golden Gate she stood over toward the Cliff house, then on the next tack cleared Point Bonita. The sea began bulking up in deadly earnest—they were about to cross the bar. Everything was battered down, the scuppers were awash, and the hawse holes spouted like fountains after every plunge. Once the captain ordered all men aloft, just in time to escape a gigantic dull green roller that broke like a Niagara over the schooner's bows, smothering the decks knee-deep in a twinkling.

The wind blew violent and cold, the spray was flying like icy small shot. Without intermission the Bertha Millner rolled and plunged and heaved and sank. Wilbur was drenched to the skin and sore in every joint from being shunted from rail to mast and from mast to rail again. The cordage sang like harp strings, the schooner's forefoot crushed down into the heaving water with a hissing like that of steam, blocks rattled, the captain bellowed his orders, rope ends flogged the hollow deck till it reverberated like a drum-head. The crossing of the bar was one long half hour of confusion and discordant sound.

When they were across the bar the captain ordered the cook to give the men their grub.

"Git for'rd, sonny," he added, fixing Wilbur with his eye. "Git for'rd, this is tawble de hote, savvy?"

Wilbur crawled forward on the reeling deck, holding on now to a mast, now to a belaying pin, now to a stay, watching his chance and going on between the inebriated plunges of the schooner.

He descended the fo'c'sle hatch. The Chinamen were already there, sitting on the edges of their bunks. On the floor, at the bottom of the ladder, punk sticks were burning in an old tomato can.

Charlie brought in supper—stewed beef and pork in a bread pan and a wooden kit—and the Chinamen ate it in silence with their sheath knives and from tin plates. A liquid that bore a distant resemblance to coffee was served. Wilbur learned afterward to know the stuff as Black Jack, and to be aware that it was made from bad barley and was sweetened with molasses. A single reeking lamp swung with the swinging of the schooner over the center of the group, and long afterward Wilbur could remember the grisly scene, the punk sticks, the bread pan full of hunks of meat, the horrid close and oily smell, and the circle of silent, preoccupied Chinamen, each sitting on his bunk ledge, devouring stewed pork and holding his pannikin of Black Jack between his feet against the rolling of the boat.

Wilbur looked fearfully at the mess in the pan, recalling the chocolate and stuffed olives that had been his last luncheon.

"Well," he muttered, clinching his teeth, "I've got to come to it sooner or later." His penknife was in the pocket of his waistcoat, underneath his oilskin coat. He opened the big blade, harpooned a cube of pork and deposited it on his tin plate. He ate it slowly and with savage determination. But the Black Jack was more than he could bear.

"I'm not hungry enough for that just now," he told himself. "Say, Jim," he said, turning to the Chinaman next him on the bunk ledge; "say, what kind of boat is this? What do you do—where you go?"

The other moved away impatiently.

"No sabe, no sabe," he answered, shaking his head and frowning. Throughout the whole of that strange meal these were the only words spoken.

When Wilbur came on deck again he noted that the Bertha Millner had already left the whistling buoy astern. Off to the east, her sails just showing above the waves, was a pilot boat with the number seven on her mainsail. The evening was closing in; the Farralones were in plain sight dead ahead. Far behind, in a mass of shadow bluer than the sky, he could make out a few twinkling lights—San Francisco.

Half an hour later Kitchell came on deck from his supper in the cabin aft. He glanced in the direction of the mainland, now almost out of sight, then took the wheel from one of the Chinamen and commanded: "Ease off y'r fore an' main sheets." The hands eased away and the schooner played off before the wind.

The staysail was set. The Bertha Millner headed to southwest, bowling easily ahead of a good eight-knot breeze.

Next came the order: "All hands aft!" and Wilbur and his mates betook themselves to the quarter deck. Charlie took the wheel, and he and Kitchell began to choose the men and their watches, just as Wilbur remembered to have chosen sides for base ball during his school days.

"Sonny, I'll choose you; you're on my watch," said the captain to Wilbur; "and I will assoom the ree-sponsibility of your nautical eddoocation."

"I may as well tell you at once," began Wilbur, "that I'm no sailor."

"But you will be, son," answered the captain, at once soothingly and threatening; "you will be, Mister Lilee of the Vallee; you kin lay to it, as how you will be one of the best sailormen along the front, as our dear friend Jim says. Before I git throo with you, you'll be a sailorman or shark-bait, I can promise you. You're on my watch; step over here, son."

The watches were divided, Charlie and three other Chinamen on the port, Kitchell, Wilbur and two Chinamen on the starboard. The men trooped forward again.

The tiny world of the schooner had lapsed to quiet. The Bertha Millner was now clear of the land, that lay like a blur of faint purple smoke—ever growing fainter—low in the east. The Farralones showed but their shoulders above the horizon. The schooner was standing well out from shore—even beyond the track of the coasters and passenger steamers—to catch the trades from the northwest. The sun was setting royally, and the floor of the ocean shimmered like mosaic. The sea had gone down and the fury of the bar was a thing forgotten. It was perceptibly warmer.

On board the two watches mingled forward, smoking opium and playing a game that looked like checkers. Three of them were washing down the decks with kaiar brooms. From the first time since he had come on board Wilbur heard the sound of their voices.

The evening was magnificent. Never to Wilbur's eyes had the Pacific appeared so vast, so radiant, so divinely beautiful. A star or two burnt slowly through that part of the sky where the pink began to fade into the blue. Charlie went forward and set the side lights—red on the port rigging, green on the starboard. As he passed, Wilbur, who was leaning over the rail and watching the phosphorus flashing just under the surface, he said:

"Hey, you go talkee-talk one-piecy, Boss, savvy Boss—chin-chin."

Wilbur went aft and came up on the poop, where Kitchell stood at the wheel, smoking an inverted "sarrier's delight."

"Now, son," began Kitchell, "I natch'ly love you so that I'm goin' to do you a reel favor, do you twig? I'm goin' to allow you to berth aft in the cabin, 'long o' me an' Charlie, an' besides you can make free of my quarter deck. Mebbee, you ain't used to the ways of sailor men just yet, but you can lay it to that those two are reel concessions, savvy? I aint' a mushhead, like mee dear friend Jim. You ain't no water front swine, I can guess that with one hand tided behind me. You're a toff, that's what you are, and your lines has been laid for toffs. I ain't askin' you no questions, but you got brains, an' I figger on gettin' more outa you by lettin' you have y'r head a bit. But mind, now, you get gay once, sonny, or try to flim-flam me, or forget that I'm the boss of the bathtub, an' strike me blind, I'll cut you open, an' you can lay to that, son. Now, then, here's the game: You work this boat 'long with the coolies, an' take my orders, an' walk chalk, an' I'll teach you navigation, an' make this cruise as easy as how-do-you-do. You don't—an' I'll man-handle you till y'r bones come throo y'd hide."

"I've no choice in the matter," said Wilbur. "I've got to make the best of a bad situation."

"I ree-marked as how you had brains," muttered the captain.

"But there's one thing," continued Wilbur, "if I'm to have my head a little, as you say, you'll find we can get along better if you put me to rights about this whole business. Why was I brought aboard, why are there only Chinese along, where are we going, what are we going to do, and how long are we going to be gone."

Kitchell spat over the side and then sucked the nicotine from his mustache.

"Well," he said, resuming his pipe; "it's like this, son. This ship belongs to one of the Six Chinese companies of Chinatown in 'Frisco. Charlie here, is one of the shareholders in the business. We go down here twice a year off Cape Sain' Lucas, lower California, an' fish for blue sharks, or white, if we kin ketch 'em. We get the livers of these an' try out the oil, an' we bring back that same oil an' the Chinamen sell it all over San Francisco as simon-pure cod liver oil, savvy? An' it pays like a nitrate bed. I come in because it's a custom house regulation that no coolie can take a boat out of 'Frisco."

"And how do I come in?" asked Wilbur.

"Mee dear friend Jim put a knock-me-out drop into your Manhattan cocktail. It's a capsule filled with a drug. You were shanghaied, son," said the captain, blandly.

* * * * * * * * *

About an hour later Wilbur turned in. Kitchell showed him his bunk with its "donkey's breakfast," and single ill-smelling blanket. It was located under the companionway that led down into the cabin. Kitchell bunked on one side, Charlie on the other. A hacked deal table, covered with oilcloth and ironed to the floor, a swinging lamp, two chairs, a rack of books, a chest or two and a flaring picture cut from the advertisement of a ballet was the room's inventory in the matter of furniture and ornament.

Wilbur sat on the edge of his bunk before undressing, reviewing the extraordinary events of the day. In a moment he was aware of a movement in one of the other two bunks, and presently made out Charley lying on his side and holding in the flame of an alcohol lamp a skewer on which some brown and sticky stuff boiled and sizzled. He transferred the stuff to the bowl of a huge pipe and drew on it noisily once or twice. In another moment he had sunk back in his bunk, nearly senseless, but with a long breath of an almost blissful contentment.

"Beast!" muttered Wilbur, with profound disgust.

He threw off his oilskin coat and felt in the pocket of his waistcoat (which he had retained when he had changed his clothes in the fo'c'stle) for his watch. He drew it out. It was just 9 o'clock. All at once an idea occurred to him. He fumbled in another pocket of the waistcoat and brought out one of his calling cards.

For a moment Wilbur remained motionless, seated on the bunk ledge, smiling grimly, while his glance wandered now to the sordid cabin of the Bertha Millner and the opium-drugged coolie sprawled on the "donkey's breakfast," and now to the card in his hand on which a few hours ago he had written:

"First waltz—Jo."

(To be continued next week.)

FROM THE GRAVE

Strange Story of a Woman Who Was the Wife of Two Living Men.

BY GODFREY TURNER.

Many years ago a young American, a medical student named Astley, went to Lima. The love of adventure was strong upon him, and all he met with in his own country was too tame to satisfy it. Proud of the profession for which he was studying, and trusting to it for subsistence, strong and healthy in body and in mind, he left the United States with a bold heart, and this was the life he led and what came of it.

One night, as many nights before, the stealthy visit was paid, and Ashley took his lamp to examine the new subject. Neither strong man nor tender child this time, but a young and beautiful woman. The dead face was so lovely that it did not seem possible that light in the closed eyes and color in the pale lips could make it lovelier. The fair hair had fallen back, and gave no shade to the white brow, and the long lashes lay in a thick fringe upon the violet-tinted underlids.

She was very tall and slender, and her hands—one of which hung down as she lay upon the table—were long and perfectly shaped. As Astley lifted the hand to lay it on her breast, he thought how beautiful it must have been, since now, when there was not the faintest rose tint to relieve the deathly pallor of it, it was a long flannel shroud, very straightly made, through which scanty drapery the outline of her slender limbs was distinctly visible, and below which her delicate feet were seen, bare to the ankle.

Astley was troubled as he had never been before. The idea of treating this beautiful corpse as he had done others brought to him in like manner was repulsive to him, and he recoiled from it as from the thought of sacrilege. But how could he rid himself of the lovely incubus? It was possible that the man who had brought it might be bribed to take it back—but he was incapable of distinct thought upon the subject, and could only determine that in any case the beautiful thing before him should be treated with reverence and respect. He gently covered it from head to foot with a long white cloth, and, locking the door of communication between his bedroom and the room in which it lay, threw himself upon the bed without undressing, for the night was nearly gone.

But his sleep was broken, and his dreams were feverish, and in some way all connected with what lay in the next room. Now it seemed to him that it glided in through the locked door, with hands folded on its breast, and eyes still fast closed, and stood by his bedside; and now the dream was that he had opened a vein in one of the delicate arms and that warm living blood poured fast from it; and, finally, he woke with a ghastly horror from a ghastly dream that he had entered the room and found some unknown hand had anticipated him in the work of dissection.

The horror was upon him after he woke to know that it was a dream, and opening the door he looked in upon the table. No change there of any kind. The long, sheeted figure lay in the half-light of dawn as he had seen it in the lamplight, very straight and still.

It was not until nearly noon that Ashley raised the covering to look once again upon the beautiful dead face, and when he did he saw with wonder, not unmixed with terror, that a change had come upon it. He could not tell what it might be; the deathly pallor was there still, but in some way the face was not the same. He looked in it long and curiously. Surely a change had passed over the eyes, for though they were still fast shut, they looked now as though closed in sleep rather than in death. He lifted an eyelid tenderly with his finger; unconscious, trance, there might be, but not death.

He was certain now that she was not dead, though he could find no life in her pulses. For hours he strove to call back the spirit, until, at length, color returned, and warmth and life, and she lay before him sleeping tranquilly like a child. He had placed her on his bed, and now sat by her side with a throbbing heart to await her awakening.

She slept so long, and in the waning light looked so pale, that he feared that she was again about to fall into the deathly trance from which he had with so much difficulty recovered her. In his terror of that he cried out for her to awake, and the sound of his cry awoke her with a start.

He had prepared a speech that was to calm and reassure her when she woke bewildered to find herself so strangely clothed and lodged; but she no more needed calming and reassuring than an infant too young to know its mother from any other woman. She looked round with a wondering gaze that was almost infantile, and her eyes resting upon Astley, she sat up in bed and asked him in his own language for food. It was evident that she had no recollection of illness, and neither anxiety nor curiosity as to her present position.

She ate the food which was brought to her with appetite, and would have risen from the bed, apparently unconscious that she wore no garment but a shroud, had not Astley persuaded her to lie down and sleep again.

He left her sleeping, and went to another room profoundly puzzled. Here was this beautiful woman, ignorant, and almost helpless as a child, thrown upon him for protection, and it was clear that she did not remember anything which would lead to the discovery of her friends. It was possible that her senses had left her altogether, never to return; the lovely creature might be a harmless idiot all the rest of her days. Her speaking English was another puzzle. She might be an Englishwoman—her beauty was certainly of the Saxon type—or she might only have learned the English language; but if so, how came that knowledge to have been retained when all else seemed gone?

His perplexity was interrupted by the entrance of the cause of it. She stood at the door wrapped round in one of the bed coverings, looking at him with a sweet, childish, vacant expression that was touching in its helplessness.

"I must call her something," he thought, as she stood apparently waiting for him to speak, "her name shall be Mary." Then, turning to her, he asked: "Are you better, Mary?"

She paid no attention to the inquiry, but took the proffered seat, and began silently rocking herself. Astley felt a sensation very like fear thrill through him. He must do something, for he could not bear this. He took up a book, the first one that came to hand—it was an English one—and offered it to her, asking if she would like to read.

She took it with a smile, and, laying it on her knee, began to flutter the leaves backward and forward, playing idly with them.

"Good heavens!" thought Astley to himself, "she is mad, imbecile at any rate: I must do something with her."

But it was impossible to think with her before him, and, taking her by the hand, he said:

"Now, Mary, you must go back to bed, and tomorrow—"

She did not wait for the rest of the sentence, but rose at once to do as she was bidden, threw down the book, and, letting fall the coverlet that had enveloped her, walked quietly back to her room.

Astley fastened the door, and felt as if he were going mad from sheer bewilderment. She must have clothes the first thing, and how were they to be procured unless he took some one into his confidence? Even if he knew where to go for them, he knew nothing of what a woman's clothes should be. It was evident that some one must be told of the extraordinary adventure, and it was equally evident that it must be a woman in whom he confided, as he required practical help of a kind that no man could give him.

The morning dawned before he could arrange any settled plan, and he finally decided that he could not if he would rid himself of the courage of her, therefore she should remain in the house, and he would tell all to the woman who acted as his housekeeper, who chanced to be absent at the time, but whose return he expected that very day. He would bind her to secrecy by the most solemn oath he could devise, and if she failed to keep it, why—at any rate he was in a terrible scrape, and this seemed the best thing to be done. The woman returned early in the day, and Astley at once told her all, and implored her assistance. To his great relief she agreed to do all in her power for the unhappy girl, and a few arrangements made, Astley left the house for the day, determined to shake off the unpleasant impression which the whole thing had made upon him.

Returning at night he found Mary comfortably clothed, and looking less pale and ill. His housekeeper told him she had been dressed like a child, having apparently no idea of assisting herself at all.

It would be impossible to describe minutely how intelligence dawned, and grew swiftly in the poor girl's mind. It was not a gradual growth from infancy, but came in fitful snatches. The greatest change came first, when her face brightened from its sweet, blank vacancy of expression at Astley's approach, and then she began to wait upon him like a loving child. He devoted himself to her very tenderly, almost as a mother devotes herself to her child, and with infinite patience learned her to read and write. She also learned to sew, and was not unskilled in such woman's craft; but what he taught her she learned quickest, best.

Two years passed away, and Mary had developed so rapidly that she was much like other women in knowledge and acquirements, but she had no memory of anything before her trance. Astley told her the whole story, and urged her to try to recall something of the time before, but it was in vain, her memory was clean gone. And the present time was so happy they cared little for the past. She was something belonging so entirely to him, even her life she owed to his care, and loved him so intensely, there being no one in the world whom she knew or loved beside, that he could not fail to be very happy; and the mystery of the bond between them enhanced its charm.

They were married, and still lived in the same privacy as before; her husband and his love sufficed for everything, and she shrank from entering a world of which she knew nothing. Astley's acquaintances had long ago decided that if he was not mad, he was at least eccentric enough to make his company undesirable, and had fallen off one by one, leaving none but a professional circle. He had the reputation of being skilled, and his practice was a large one; his spare hours were devoted to his home, which was his heaven.

Two more years passed, years of the most perfect happiness. Mary differed now in nothing from other women, save for that blank existance of more than twenty years. The memory of that time never returned. She lived entirely within doors. Astley had one evening taken her out for a walk, and the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the streets had terrified her so much that he never repeated the experiment.

At times a longing to introduce his beautiful wife to his old friends and relatives in America was very strong, but the difficulties of explanation, or of deceit, which it would involve, combined with her aversion to the project, always prevailed, and the idea was dismissed as the thing was impossible.

Six years had passed since the eventful night when Mary had been brought as dead to Astley's door, when, walking one day in the streets of the city, he met an old friend whom he had not seen since his departure from America. The recognition was mutual, and Astley insisted upon his friend's returning with him to dinner. The invitation was cordially given and willingly accepted, and, thinking to suprise Mr. Holt by the sight of his wife's loveliness, he said nothing of his being married, picturing to himself what his astonishment would be when he saw her.

Though he had anticipated some evidence of surprise, he was quite unprepared for the excess of emotion displayed by Mr. Holt upon his introduction to Mrs. Astley. The color left his face for a moment, then returning violently dyed it crimson, and the words of acknowlegement were stammered out almost unintelligibly. Recovering his composure with a strong effort he offered his arm to lead Mrs. Astley to dinner, but she quietly declined it, laying her hand upon her husband's. During the whole time of dinner Mr. Holt scarcely moved his eyes from Mary's face, who did not seem at all disturbed by his intense gaze, and took no notice of her guest beyond what hospitality demanded.

Astley's suspicions were excited long before the meal was ended, and his heart took a jealous leap as he thought it possible that his friend was falling in love with his beautiful wife. He cursed the impulse that had induced him to bring Holt home with him, and busily invented excuses for ridding himself of his guest as soon as possible.

He fell in a swoon at Atley's feet.

Holt's agitation increased to positive illness before long, and, rising, he asked Astley to accompany him to another room. He was scarcely able to walk, and Astley took him by the arm and asked him if he was ill.

"Ill!" he groaned. "I wish I was dead." He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"You'll think me a fool, Astley, but the likeness of your wife to mine has completely overcome me."

"Are you married, then?" said Astley. "I did not know it."

"I was married eight years ago. I married an English girl with your wife's hair and eyes, her height, too, and with her sweet voice. I brought her here directly after our marriage, and we lived the happiest life in the world for two years—and then she died."

Astley was silent. He could think of no words of consolation that would not be a mockery to a man who had lost such a wife as Mary.

"Died," Holt continued, after a pause, "while I was away from her. I had gone a three days' journey, leaving her in perfect health, and I returned to find that she had died suddenly immediately after my departure, and was already buried."

"How long ago?" asked Astley, hoarsely; a horrible light breaking in upon him.

"Six years. I left Lima the following day. I never visited her grave, but returned to America at once; and now, after these years I find your wife so like her in every look and feature, that my old wound is torn open afresh, and the intolerable anguish has made me cry out in this way."

Astley started up and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder with a grasp like a vise. His voice was harsh and dry, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring.

"Holt, for God's sake, let us do nothing rashly! Come with me to your wife's grave, and let us be very sure."

Holt looked up and saw all in Astley's face.

"Speak," he shouted; "she is my wife! Tell me how you met her; speak quickly, while I can hear you, for there is the sound of a cataract in my ears that deafens me!"

And he fell in a swoon at Astley's feet.

He might have died in it for all Astley could do to revive him. He stood blindly staring at the pale face, but was incapable of so much as holding out a hand to him.

Holt came to himself before long, and, rising up haggard and wild, repeated his demand that Astley should tell him where he had met his wife.

And he did tell him, sparing nothing; saying plainly out that she had been brought to him by the body snatchers as a subject; that she had lain as dead on his table for a whole night, sheeted and shrouded like a corpse.

"And you dared—" burst in Holt, who was almost beside himself.

"I saved her life," said Astley, gently; he had softened as he thought of that remorseless tion. "Will you come with me to the grave, that we may be very certain?"

"No, no, no," Holt moaned; the fury was passing away, and giving way to a dull sorrow. "I can bear no more. It is as certain, more certain than death, that your wife is mine. God help us!"

Which of these men was the most to be pitied?

There was some moments of horrible silence, in which each heard the beating of his heart like a heavy drum. Holt spoke again.

"Ask Edith to come here. Surely, she cannot have forgotten me."

"Mary—call her Mary. It will only distress her. I give you my word of honor she has no memory of anything before the trance."

But when he saw the passion in Holt's face he judged it best for his sake that she should come. Since he chose to hear from her own lips what he had refused to believe from his friend's he should do so.

She came quickly at the sound of the loved voice, and glided into the room, looking like an angel of peace between two evil spirits. She stopped short as she caught sight of Astley's face all drawn and set with the effort to suppress his emotion, and with a cry of love and terror.

But he unwounded her arms, and, for the first time drew back from her embrace.

"Mary, my love," Holt's eyes flashed fire at the tender words and tones, "tell me, tell Mr. Holt, if you remember anything in your life before you awoke from your trance in this house?"

"I do not," she said; "I remember nothing. I have said so many times."

"Swear it!" cried Holt.

"I swear it," she said, "by my husband, Richard Astley."

Poor Holt! He threw himself at her feet, clasping her knees, and crying, passionately—

"O Edith! have you forgotten me, your husband, David Holt? O my darling, you must remember me, and how happy we were for that short two years!"

But she broke from his grasp, and threw herself into Astley's arm, crying out:

"Send him away! What does he mean? Send him away!"

She was pale and trembling with terror.

"Let her go!" shouted Holt, "or by—"

The oath was interrupted by Astley.

"Holt, God knows I will try to do what is right, and for her sake I ask you to be calm."

He placed her in a chair, where she sat weeping for very fright, and went on:

"You shall say all you can to bring the past to her memory, and if she can remember you in the faintest degree I will give up my claim to yours. But if she does not—O Holt, I saved her life!"

The struggle was an awful one, and shook him as the wind shakes a reed.

"You tell her," said Holt, bitterly; perhaps "she will believe what you say. At any rate, she will listen to it!"

It was hard to begin the cruel task; yet for her sake he undertook it, his voice trembling, though he tried with all his will to steady it.

"Mary, love, listen. You know that you must have lived more than twenty years before you were brought here that night."

"I do not know," she cried; "I cannot remember."

"But it must have been so, for you were a woman then."

"I cannot understand," she repeated. "I have no recollection of anything before."

Astley turned to Holt with a look of agony.

"You see how it is; let us end this torture."

"Give me my wife," said Holt, fiercely.

"You will not take her," Astley cried, as the thought of his doing so against her will, struck him for the first time.

"She is mine," said Holt. "Go on; tell her the whole story. If she does not understand it, she will believe it when you tell her so."

The sneer with which the words were spoken was a cruel one, but misery had made him cruel, and he scarcely knew what he said or did.

And Astley told her all in a few words. She looked bewildered.

"It must be true if you say so, but I cannot recollect; and, O Astley, I love only you."

"She must come with me!" shouted Holt.

The demon had got the beter of him, and the poor wretch, mad with jealous pain, spoke bitter and unjust words, that made the terrified woman cling more closely to Astley for protection.

The scene must be ended for her sake, and Astley besought Holt to leave them till the next day, when, if they could but decide upon what was right it should be done. For her sake, too, he condescended to plead with the frantic man; and seeing that Mary had fainted in his arms, he laid her down, and led Holt from the room, that the sight of her might no longer madden him. His rage died out from simple exhaustion, and throwing himself into a chair, he wept like a child.

Astley aroused him.

"Holt, be a man. This is an awful tragedy. I wish to heaven I had died rather than played my part in it. There are not upon the earth two men so brokenhearted as you and I. Let us accept what is inevitable, but let us spare what anguish we can to that unhappy woman. Leave me now, and tomorrow I will see you again. Perhaps by that time I shall have thought of something for her."

Holt rose passively.

"You are nobler than I," he said, as he turned to go.

It seemed to Astley that his grief was but beginning when he tried to explain the whole thing to Mary. The torture of putting it into words was so intense that all before was nothing compared with it. And when at length she comprehended, and asked him if he wished her to leave him, even that agony seemed slight contrasted with what he endured in telling her that he believed she ought to do so.

Loving as she was she could not comprehend a sacrifice to duty which Astley was striving to take, and her thorough ignorance of the world rendered it impossible to make her understand what her position would be if she remained where she was. And yet this was a case—so Astley tried to persuade himself—so extraordinary, so different from anything that had ever been in the world before, that no law, human or divine, could apply to it. But above all, the thought rose dominant that by whatever mystery her unconsciousness deprived of memory, she was still Holt's wife, and not his, and with this thought piercing him like a sharp sword, he said that he believed she ought to leave him.

She rose up, cold and proud in a moment, and would have left him, but at the threshold her spirit failed, and she turned again to throw herself at his feet, with tears and sobs.

Night has veiled many sights of woes, the winds of night have many times been pierced by cries of anguish, bitter cries for faith and patience, going up above the stars right to the seat of God, but night never shrouded a deeper woe than this, bitterer cries never pierced the shuddering darkness.

When morning dawned they were both very calm and still. Their tears were shed, and their eyes were dry. He had decided for the right, though his heart was broken in the conflict; and she, woman-like, had accepted the right, not because it was so, but because he said it was so.

"I shall die," she said, in a voice from which all passion had parted. "I can bear no more and live, but I can bear even this and die."

Who can describe that parting? When the sun set it was upon Astley broken hearted and alone. Holt had taken away his wife.

Seven days passed, and Astley never left his desolate home. He made no distinction of day and night, but lay down to sleep—if the stupor which from time to time rendered him unconscious could be so called—at any hour that sleep came to him.

At the close of the seventh day he tried for the first time to look his fate boldly in the face.

"I am not dead," he said, "therefore it is clear that this grief will not kill me."

That night he undressed and went to bed.

The night six years ago when the sheeted figure lay upon the table, and he dreamed fantastic dreams of terror connected with it, came to mind more distinctly than it had ever done before. His sleep was broken and feverish, and haunted by wild dreams. Twice he awoke feeling certain that he had heard a knocking at the door, and twice he slept again, feeling sure that all was silent. But he awoke a third time at the gray dawn and heard the sound again, a treble knocking at the outer door, which ceased suddenly. He rose, determined to ascertain the cause; he unbarred and opened the door, and there fell forward across the threshold the dead body of Mary.—Hours at Home.

Dainty Salad for Luncheon.

A Marguerite salad is the appropriate title of a preparation of eggs and lettuce leaves, which is an ornamental dish certainly and one that is also appetizing. The inner leaves of the heads of lettuce are arranged in the shape of very small nests. Several eggs are boiled hard and the yolks removed. The whites are cut in thin circles and arranged in the lettuce cups, the center being then filled with the yolks of the egg mixed with golden mayonnaise.

Aluminum Carpets.

A German novelty is an aluminum carpet. Forty years ago, aluminum cost about $4.00 per pound. The merits claimed by the manufacturers of aluminum carpets is that they do not run nor burn.

The Dipper or the Dropper?

There are cough medicines that are taken as freely as a drink of water from a dipper. They are cheap medicines. Quantity does not make up for quality. It's the quality that cures. There's one medicine that's dropped, not dipped—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. There's more power in drops of this remedy than in dipperful of cheap cough syrups and elixirs. It cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Colds, Coughs, and affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

is now HALF PRICE for the half-size bottles—50 cents.

Agents Wanted Page 7

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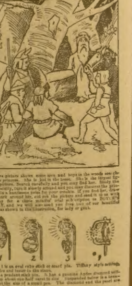

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BOYCE'S MONTHLY, CHICAGO. Boyce Building.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GRANDMA'S FRIED CAKE.

BY EDWARD S. PETERSON.

O the day dawns on the prairie, and the dew is on the grass,
In the dreamy time of boyhood, when an early riser was I;
For a sweet, soul-bed to hasten to where grandma's kitchen is made
Just the pinkonest,
Tooth delighting,
Sugar coated
Fried cake.

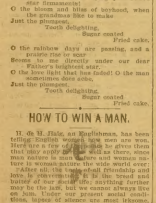
O the prairie hawk is flying far beyond our visual sense!
O the luminous colors dying just before the star timesense!
O the sweet, dear days of boyhood, when the grandmas like to make
Just the pinkonest,
Tooth delighting,
Sugar coated
Fried cake.

O the rainbow days are passing, and a prairie rue we
Seems to me directly under our dear mother's height art.
O the love that that has faded! O the man that has forsaken cake,
Just the pinkonest,
Tooth delighting,
Sugar coated
Fried cake.

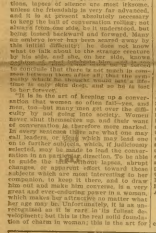
HOW TO WIN A MAN.

If, de M. Fiske, an Englishman, has been telling America what to do and how to do it. Here are a few of the things he gives them that they ought to do with a view to making nature's man mates and women mates. He says that while the wide world is full of the ideals, the beautiful friendship and loving companionship of the perfect mate is a matter of fact affair. Nothing more nor may be the case, but we cannot always find on him. Under our present social conditions, lapses of science are most inhuman, because the friendship is very far advanced before the proposal absolutely necessary to bring the two together, and when a man is about to commit, he is understood, but being bound backward and forward. Many an embryo lover has been scared away by the initial difficulty; he does not know whether the girl likes him, he cannot ask her by letter and she, on her side, cannot be conscious that she likes him enough to accept him, or intimate that there is not much or even some reason there after all. Thus the commencement of a courtship is a matter of time when it may, and so on to her forever.

"It is in the art of leveling up a conversation that women so often fail—yes, and men, too, for many men are quite as faulty in this as in doing love society. Women never shut the door upon a topic in the course of conversation as therefore some remark in every sentence that are what one may call leaders, or things which may lead one on to further subjects, which, if judiciously followed up, is made to lead to a new topic, and so on in a direct direction. To be able to guide a conversation in this manner with changes or apparent shifts toward those subjects which are most interesting to her companion, is how it is done, and to know him out and make him converse, is a very high and ever-enduring power in a woman which not one woman in a million or more ever has age enough to acquire. It is not recognized as it ought to be as a feminine development; but this is the real solid foundation of charm in woman; this is the art for



SMART FICHUS.



One of these kerchief draperies is especially designed for the forthcoming up of an evening gown for a young lady. The model from which the drawing was made displayed a clear, filmy, lace meshed body of lilac peau-de-soie and over the shoulder was flung a handkerchief of the palest lavender liberty silk, edged with a deep ruffle of the same lace as that used in the body of the figure gown. A pale green velvet ribbon, set on a double cord. A soft knot of these blossoms held the ends in place on the shoulder and the wearer of the pretty drapery clasped her neck with a dog collar of cords and fine crystal vesuvius beads.

Laundering Silk.

Wash silk is a very popular material for children's dresses, and nothing could be prettier. White silk handkerchiefs are a part of almost every wardrobe, and the silk blouse has become almost as common as the cotton shirtwaist with the summer girl.

The basic suits, which are worn with shirtwaists, have full fronts of silk, carved out of the flannel, and gathered in at the waist, about which a ribbon is tied with a bow in the back. The sleeves are of flannel, and two inches from the bottom, drawing the sleeve in slightly, is a band of silk, the same color as that of the skirt, which is also put in place by a belt. These require frequent washing, because they are worn next to the issues of appearance, and if the work is done at home it will look as if done at home.

All that is necessary to prevent these waists from shrinking is to have the water as hot as the hands can stand it and leave them at the water. It is not often necessary to use a blazer agent, but the sleeves at the top of the sleeves are usually taken out, the fullness being gathered in. Many fancy dresses are usually so simply made that they can be washed at home with a little care. Dimities, a homespun cloth and the much pull of warm soft water used and add a teaspoonful of borax to each pail of the garments in it, and wash gently until all stains have disappeared. Rinse thoroughly in the water, but do not wring the goods, and hang in the shade to dry. Iron when dry, and if the goods are embroidered with a clean, soft towel, pass through a rubber mangle. If any stiffening is found necessary, pass the silk through a solution of gum arabic in a quart of water, and iron when dry. Lace may be washed in the same way, and when stained by either white or colored goods a window scene or marble slab will be found a good substitute for the tiny. Pieces that need ironing should be ironed on the right side to bring out the markings, and allowed to remain until half dry. Then they should be pulled out so that are lost be enough to take out the wrinkles. Lace should be pinned out on a clean cloth in lengthwise directions, and to use borax to the water, and to do the work in the shade. Lace should be kept in a great aid in cleaning the goods, and dust and fluffs should be shaken out.

Frills of Fashion.

Braid and malachite form a combination that is very fashionable.

Ribbon trimmings will be much used in the fall, and velvet ribbon will be the favorite.

Fancy braids will be much used, and are not easily hurt by accidental abrasion against the wall, as the surface is of a glossy polish.

Green in mushroom shades are the fad of the hour, the newest tint being called "spray."

Black velvet buttons are the last Parisian fad. They are made in all sizes, and are of black velvet color. Dressmakers and tailors never neglects to add black satin or black velvet to the way or material in order to give touch to a costume in them soft tints.

Many of the new silk and woolen skirts are an extreme notion, but tailors say not so, and that the skirts are to be worn as plain as ever. The effect of the side plaits and the center of the back with a close row of buttons, while the other fastens on the left side of the front.

The newest bathing suits are made of bunting, with a cowrie lace yoke and sash, and are finished with a ruffle of the same material. Bunting makes the most serviceable wear than bathtastic, but the best material used which a bathing suit can be made is all-wool or wool-and-silk Jersey cloth.

It is the proper thing to wear embroidered fronts and long swallow-tailed back, in again following for fancy. Some of the new ones he said for it to be that it creates a terrace effect, and is very pretty and stylish.

A pretty evening gown for the coming autumn intends is to carry frills of tulle, with three rows to the skirt, each one to droop lower and in heading, and to completion, and each one to have a row of frills in the same color. Some of these frills are made of chiffon, and others of tulle, but the latter is the most popular, as it is the most in shape and form.

Covers for Mirror Seats.

A few minutes given every day, when you are properly engaged, will keep them fine and smooth in color. After the nails are cleaned, rub them with a soft wash thoroughly, and then with a chamois skin, which will give a fine polish. If there are any stains with the stains of the nails. Under no circumstances use a knife to clean the nails, as it is dangerous, and do not cut it away as the nails grow longer. Keep the nails filed, and the nail it will make the color of a pink shell. Remember that the nails are the first to attract attention, then curved and kept for the purpose, and not the nails that are long, as it suits your finger tips. The ridiculously long nails are not the fashion, and are worn by out of fashion. Use the tip to make the nails shapely, and the file to keep them even, and then take the tip and rub the nail nail paste and smear the finger nail over the nail, and then rub the nail with the edges or roots, for it is only tolerated that a little of oil to keep the nails soft to prevent their growing horny; then polish with a chamois skin, and the nails will not rub each nail with a quick, even stroke of the file, and then rub the nail with a soft cloth

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If Uncle Sam cares for ginger snaps, Jamaica seems to be waving the white flag.

Spain may yet bail up for her benefactor, for her credit has already advanced since the transfer of responsibility for Cuba and Porto Rico.

Having failed to raise a satisfactory crop of reminiscences, Aguinaldo has discovered a new industry. Modesty is to be had without a grain of sense.

Dunraven is sarin' again, but if he wants to get even he has to be born over. Big ranges is not likely to find purchasers among the Cowes yachtsmen.

When a public man reaches the blank-the-newspapers stage of his career he can think of no better way to express the simple operation of the law of gravity.

The latest developments connected with the Dreyfus case indicate that the French Premier would take the advice of the man to whom she might avoid a large crop of scandals.

Peace with Spain is in sight, but the end of war is not always peace. Aguinaldo is threatening devilment in the West. Fare says that Filipinos are not to have been consulted in this.

The most bitter anti-American paper in Europe is the London Spectator. Its views on said he is edited by an American, which only emphasizes the truth of the old saying that "the opposites makes the best Yank."

The Philadelphia Times is raising a fund to purchase a monument to the unsung heroes of the Spanish war. Subscriptions are rolling in it is one of the most liberal subscription now on the land.

In Massachusetts islands there is a spot called the Isle of Shoals. Here the mail reaches this rock before eighteen hours in each day, and the inhabitants say that literally the family supply bin with food until the table is made ready. Here we seem to be never allowed to return to his own fire.

The whole family of American sewer rakers can unite in wishing the amiable Joseph Pulitzer, Esquire, every joy, prosperous reign and hope that he will live long and happily, and may the most favorable effect upon her protectress be shed and succession, the war lord of Germany.

The name leather has long since passed from the list of words exclusively pertaining to animal skins and hides in the theory and practice of the arts. Now Zenophone Ewing, a German inventor has brought out a leather which is composed wood of asbestos material and the product of the manufacturers. The invention is set forth divided into fine fibres of the asbestos and wood pulp, which is treated in an india rubber solution, the whole thereby compressed into sheets and until every fibre is coated with the solution, the solvent evaporated and the sheets become as thorough impregnated with the rubber as the fibres of leather are others prefer to call the mass may then be pressed into any shape in which it is to be rolled. The inventor calls the manufactured product leather substitute, and it is said to resemble leather closely in its peculiarities and structure and in the industrial adaptation.

The discernment suggested to the Episcopal mind a new line of endeavor has been practically the policy of the country on the foundation. The people of the revolution soon returned to civil pursuits. The Indians are not to be a small army. For many years its total was but 5,000, and the Indian upon the close of the civil war the great armies of both north and south returned to peaceful industry. The present war is by no means over, but already the most of the regiments making up more than two-thirds of the army have been mustered out of the military service and are becoming peaceful citizens. Should the necessity arise, a force insufficient even for the duties of military police will be left in the field. It is to be hoped that the Russian emperor's manifesto disarming Europe will be a permanent policy; only when the emergency arises will the army be so vast should it create it, as, for instance, in the war with Spain. Even the increase of the army up to a force of 100,000 men, made necessary by the Spanish complications, because of the war, will still leave us practically unarmed in the sense in which Emperor Nicholas speaks of disarmament. It is an expensive policy, as we have found by experience. The cost of supplying the deficiency which occasions is tremendous, and waste of life is inevitable.

THE HAG.

OR, THE MYSTERY OF A BEAUTIFUL MAGICIAN.

By LEROY ARMSTRONG.

(Copyrighted, by the author, 1895.)

(The opening chapters deal with the first appearance of "The Hag" in the private house alleged to be haunted, and with another in the same house. The Hag seems to have been in two places at once. Mr. Thorne, the owner of the house, is a bachelor. Ward Bellingham, and Miss Marion Travers is injured while behind the scenes at Pollard's Opera House, and, meantime, suddenly happens on a yacht and at the theatre, where she had gone to witness the two presentations. Ed Thorne and Archie Lee go for a night in Dutch Street.)

CHAPTER VII.
—Some mysteries.

Which heaven will not have the earth to know.

There was another haste call.

Ward Bellingham was with Mr. Thorne, as they struck the last bridge, and whooped down the stairs to the waiting cabs.

It is a good thing—the "falling in" of private men. They were in the line of artillery, the line of infantry, and but of cavalry, and the line of engineers, with excellent by movement as they took to their positions, and in a few minutes the column had marched off the ground and was started into the east to the west of the big bridge.

It is not only worth seeing—it was worth hearing—when the line is to be formed for the men—drawn from frontier tan, solid from the long marches, and from the sun.

The bands were playing "Dixieland"—the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia" (heard distant the melody to the summer winds, and the echoes of the music came back in the stillness—the silence keeping, but not broken by the tramp of the men, the rattle of rifling and caisson—there was something in the air that told of the coming of the battle, and the men knew it, and the officers knew it, and the bands knew—the turned away, but spoke.

It is with such as these that wars are won or lost. Yet—it has been a good day for the band.

And in the instant when the bugles sounded the "Assembly" and the bands ceased playing, the men, officers and musicians, also bearers of the war of "the line."

Then the bugles sounded the "Forward," and the band was playing the stirring air that Francis Scott Key wrote in the days when he watched from a ship through the night the bombs bursting in air, and in the light of morning "The flag was still there."

And the band was playing the stirring air that Francis Scott Key wrote in the days when he watched from a ship through the night the bombs bursting in air, and in the light of morning "The flag was still there."

And the men were full of outrage. The men were full of outrage. The men were full of outrage. The

JUST FROM THE RANCH, OR THE WESTERN GIRL'S RIVAL LOVERS

By EDNA WINFIELD

(Copyrighted by the author.)

SYNOPSIS.

Winnie Huston, if not pretty, arrives in Chicago in search of her father, of whom she has not been heard since 1880. She has with her a cousin, Dan Dolan, who runs her job while she looks for her father. Mrs. Quigley, the girl is engaged and sent to Dan. Winnie becomes suspicious, but is shown her father's letter and one card tells her about his being sick. Mrs. Quigley accompanies Hamburger, a cousin, and Mr. Huston, and he sends him to Dan. Winnie is left alone with his purse and he never came back. He decides to get this girl out of the way, and dresses her from the store by sending a note saying that her father is sick on a vessel in the harbor. Winnie leaves the store in the position of affairs and leaps from the yacht to the deck of a vessel in the harbor, and takes to the bunch to escape. The young man takes her to a respectable boarding house and tries to keep her, but is threatened by the Quigley crowd. Further he sees Winnie on the street in his launch and the boat is capsized in a storm.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM ONE PERIL TO ANOTHER.

It was a moment of extreme peril, but Winnie sadly but turned over, and over strong, and was at the height of her glee when she found herself going down and down into the waters of Lake Michigan.

She threw out her arms to save herself and held herself in contact with Harold Parlee's shoulder. Instinctively she made a clutch at his hair, but found it too short for a hold.

Together they sank; she was so far out she could not touch, but he ought to have her. Yet, instead of reaching forth to save her, he pushed her down, in order that he might gain an imaginary upward. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," and it was more than exemplified in the nature of this young man, reared in wealth and luxury. He considered himself worth a million dollars, and he was in danger of losing the life that was so precious to him.

Put, as we know, Winnie could swim and swim well, and soon she came up and struck out for shore, as the weight of her wet clothing would permit. The upturned waves beat her back, but she was not afraid; it, she had but to get out of the water she would be safe from Harold Parlee's wrath.

Presently she was thrown upon the dry expanse of sand and might have gone to the water's edge but for the undertow, which, forth, took his hand and drawn him up on the beach.

Winnie, panting, sputtered the young fellow's name, as soon as she could speak without choking.

"We are in a sorry plight, that is certain," said Harold, as he made no attempt to relate, she was by far the calmer of the two.

"We will be drowned!"

"No, we must hold on to the boat. Here, take hold of the rudder on the other side, and, pushing, we will get it to the beach, I hope."

He did as directed, his teeth fairly chattering, although it was summer and not far from cold. "...gain came a heavy gust of wind, and for several minutes it was all they could do to cling fast.

But the storm proved to be nothing but a squall, and inside of twenty minutes it was all over, and with the subsiding of the breeze, the tide brought the craft to shore.

"It's over," grunted Harold, as he gave a shrill wave of relief.

His face was the picture of despair, and with his elegant fur and colored shirt and shirt completely spoiled, did not look half so handsome as he had before.

Have you any idea how far we are from shore?" questioned Winnie.

"Can't tell; we make at least."

"Then you are not a good swimmer, Harold? I cannot see a thing."

He gave a long, searching look and shook his head. "We are absolutely alone."

"But some vessel must come this way sooner or later," she said, hopefully.

To this he did not answer and a long spell of silence followed.

In the meantime the darkness of night had settled down upon the waters, and the boat, now at the mercy of the waves, rocked on the surface, clinging to the rudder with all the strength left to her. Never once did she ask Winnie how she was faring or if she had considered the matter herself. He was completely wrapped up in himself.

At last—

It was the girl from the ranch who silenced the silence, and it was Harold who groaned. Prior to thought a gun had gone off in his ear.

"A light! Where?" he queried, excitedly. "Shade there," she pointed with one hand. "Oh, if it is only a steamer!" he cries. It must be the light from some vessel."

"Let us cry for help," went on the young man, excitedly. "Both together. Perhaps we will fail to hear us then."

"Help! Help!" cried Winnie, and Winnie joined. Slowly the light came closer and then, suddenly, it was lost to their sight. Pickle cruising slowly down upon them. They continued to call, and presently a voice came to them.

"Help! Save us! We will reward you both!" finally hooted the young millionaire. Then the point was seen to swing around with one, and the next moment the craft was a boat. A lantern was carried in the hand of the man who stood in the bow. "Are you friends? Have a go?"

"What is it, Winnie?" asked Harold, excitedly.

Dick Dolan gave a low whistle. "Pirates and thieves, as sure as fate! Hamburger, can I dreaming?"

"I should almost make a fellow believe so, Mrs. Quigley, here is a surprise for you."

"It is, indeed, a surprise," answered the woman, in a voice that sounded as if she were choking back her anger. "Where is Hamburger's son? They were in a boat, a pretty yacht."

"Hang me, if I haven't half a mind to let both of 'em drown," muttered Hamburger. "It would be an easy way out of the mess."

"If you leave them, somebody else is sure to pick them up," answered Dolan. "Bring them on board, and we'll make both of them walk the plank."

By this time the storm boats was close to the paddle, and Winnie, who was now thrown in Winnie and another to Parlee.

CHAPTER XV.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH APPEARS UPON THE SCENE.

"Poor, poor pups!"

The words came to Winnie's lips unconsciously and had she been of a less reasonable temperament, she would have screamed where she stood.

Mrs. Quigley had reached the main door through a side window, and had come down the stairs and dressed.

"If they have killed him!" she went on, "oh, I shall die!"

But Winnie became silent, as Foley continued the talk.

"Oh, he's no use two hundred and fifty dollars," said the sailing master of the yacht, "and I'm willing to bet a pound that some one will be after him for it. What's he done?"

"Where is the old woman?"

"Oh, she's in the Chicago-up River street near the sugar house."

Hamburger pulled at the heavy mustache for a moment. "All right, Foley, here you are, here's another fifty dollars, and never say me. No more either, understand?"

"I'll keep mum as a fish again, sir," and Foley handled on the money that the Hamburger counted out to him.

A carriage and horses were now called to the dock and it sounded to Winnie as if he left town.

Foley went to the pantry and getting out a bottle, set it on the table.

Then he began to take it easy, smoking, and Winnie pulled at the heavy mustache for a moment. "All right, Foley, here you are, here's another fifty dollars, and never say me. No more either, understand?"

If only he would give me a chance to get away," thought Winnie, and she looked out at him through a crack. "Why don't he go to bed and leave me my last chance?"

Presently Foley began to nod, as if half asleep.

Winnie watched him narrowly, then she crept softly across the room and with noiseless fingers started to unfasten the window sash.

She was half way to the dock when Foley, awakened by the sound of her shoes as that article of wardrobe sagged behind her, sprang to his feet, saw her flight and he realized how they had been tricked, and with a loud oath, he called to Hamburger. Foley's first thought was that Winnie had left the house, but she did not intend that. She ran for her life to her feet and in a twinkle she was at the Lily's side. The yacht was tied to the outer edge of a fleet of canal boats lying at the foot of the river, in the river narrows. With a bound she reached the deck of the nearest craft and leaped for the next.

But before she realized that some man was on board. Dan Brainard's face met hers. It was Hamburger, and close upon his heels came Dick Dolan and Foley.

Boat after boat was crossed and still Winnie fled. She was now the hunted and pursuers. But now she reached the last one and Lily's boat. The yacht was but a few or more away. Should she run the risk?

A drop-leaf gate might have halted her, but not this girl from the ranch, used to fording mountain streams and leaping across the splashy. Over the gap she went, to the Brainard's deck. She was safe! But, no, she screamed to him, then at

The sand bag descended with a thud upon Dan Brainard's neck.

see yourself about the girl with the yellow hair."

"Why, such a fool as Parlee," grumbled Hamburger, as he went about to procure a strong drink from the cabin stores.

The hoists dragged by, and Winnie knew that they had let at hard. Still she did not stir, knowing that her enemies must be near.

At last came a sudden bump and a rattle of chains, and Winnie knew that the boat was moored to the dock, and all was still. Then she heard a trampling on the deck as the two Hamburgers were hurried off.

"I wonder if I can't escape now?" she thought, but even in thinking she heard the door previously mentioned.

The head was on the other when she heard Hamburger's voice and then the voice of Mrs. Quigley, answering to his call.

"I want to talk this thing over," she said. "Your son, somehow, seemed to me. I don't think you are treating me just right, Hamburger."

"I gave you a hundred dollars, Foley," said the owner of the craft.

"Huh! and what's a hundred dollars?" was the reply. "Why, I'm out of a job, and I've got to look for another one this early in the season. I'm willing to be square with you, Hamburger, as best as I can, but—"

"Oh, you did, but that ain't enough for you, I can see. Here, take another and both be hung.

"Thank you fool! We are not going to be found out."

"Well, I hope not," Foley brought his fist down on the table with a bang, and picking up the money and the bill, he pocketed that you and Mrs. Quigley were talking about I'm certain you got at least five thousand dollars that was in the safe.

"I never said I got any such amount, and I was not looking at the safe."

"I know better. Rotten came to Chicago with five thousand dollars, and was the pinch enough. But what bad fearless of her self-possession. Had he really been murdered, as she feared?

"Maybe your stark on that Parlee?" snarled Dolan. "He's no better than I am, and I'm willing to bet that he would have stuck for as much about Miss Mrs. Quigley's step-daughter? They had a big row over his watch and diamond, too. Not only that, he's engaged to a rich society lady, so there is no show for you."

Like a flash came back to Winnie's mind what she had overheard of the quarrel of Mrs. Quigley's house—the quarrel over the watch and diamond. Then Parlee had been a bad boy after them. Well, it did not matter, she had formed her estimate of him, and at the time was glad of the omens.

"I do not care for Mr. Parlee," she said. "Now, leave me."

"I will, if he's not a kike," cried Dolan, brutally. "My, but...aren't you got a fine figure, girl!"

His triad to deep to be overheard, and her eyes flashed fire. Before he knew what he was doing he received a blow in the eye that sent him stumbling up against the cabin door.

"You here—" he began.

But the door alone, for Dolan. I am not to be trifled with," she panted.

Dolan was badly stunned, recoiled. "Did I hit? I have a kike, and I will!" and again he made towards her.

But Winnie was too quick for him and as he put his arms out she dodged beneath them and, leaping, struck him a blow upon the upturned bowl. Indeed, had she had her choice it is possible she would have preferred the steam launch to the deck of the tug, for the former was close at hand and soon she found herself down in the cabin of the launch.

"Is Miss Huston on board again," said Hamburger, grimly.

"Yes, and you intend to take us?" she questioned, as calmly as she could.

"Why, what else is possible both with dry clothing before you talk?" suggested the owner of the launch, as he led her below.

"You give me some dry clothing," said Miss Parlee. "I will not heartily to ship it. And, Hamburger, trot out some whisky, if you please."

The familiar way in which the young girl addressed the owner of the launch did not escape Winnie, although Parlee was at the moment engaged in pouring out a glass of whisky.

"I will keep on what I have," said the girl, "and I will not drink. I am not a thirsty fiver from any of you. All I ask is to be set down at the first landing we make."

A sarcastic smile lit up the faces of both the Hamburgers, and Winnie knew that Dolan looked on curiously. Then Hamburger spoke to his son.

"Get the clothes, Harold," he whispered. "I want to take care of Parlee. This is a bad business, and I'll be heartily glad to come out on top."

The young man went off, to fit him out with dry clothing and slip him freely with liquor. The latter, however, did not touch the latter, however, did not touch the latter, however, did not touch the

MOTHER SEZ.

BY FRANK MCKNIGHT.

My mother says that 'cause I'm ten
I needn't never never again
Tell any of the boys that I
Don't even let the boys kiss me.
She says that's silly, an' doesn't hurt
An' besides said, "Why dear me, sez
"There's no use in your bein' mad
Just 'cause you don't just feel bad
When Aunt Mary was a girl she let
Her boys kiss her, why I know
Just as many times as she
She knows her mother would be vexed—
Oh, yes, I know, I've heard her say
Oh, yes, I've heard her say that way
She sees 'em in the drawing room, right
Near the fire, where it's warm an' light
Just a wee, wee stitch, an' I peeped thru'
An' saw Mr. Brown an' mother, too
Right close up by auntie's chair.
They were talking an' I didn't hear
Mr. Brown kiss Alice on the cheek.
Just as I was going to speak
Alice said, "Why, Mr. Brown, you
Come out, they was engaged, I know;
I heard them say so last night
An' Mr. Smith to Cowgirl 'twas for,
Because I asked him, an' he said
Just as if I didn't know!"
Then I heard a kiss, an' my mother though
That then I'm grieved up some day, like
Alice did,
An' so she lets them, an' I'm glad
An' I'm nothin' to catch but a cranky old
Dad
With corkscrew curls, an' Scotch Tarn
An' I'm not allowed to kiss the boys
An' won't never be children come in my
house
Unless they might get crumbs on my par-
lor floor
Why, my mother's awful old fashioned
she be
To think as was would marry me
An' she says "Dear me, but my conscience
is clear"
I wish I never'd been born at all!

JOHNNIE'S CULT.

How a Fox Was Cured of Giving War to His Pamper.

BY RUTH DAY.

"I don't know what I shall do with that fox," Mrs. Sanford said, as she sat down on the porch together. "Just when he was getting so tame that he would eat out of my hand he has begun to show his teeth and growl at me. He will not let me touch him, even when I offer him a piece of meat. He just snatches it and runs off with it."

"Why," Johnny would say, when re-proved, "he's only a Mugwump, I guess. Horace knew as much as possible about foxes, and he said that he would not become any smarter than he was. He said that he was born that way, and that it was no use for any one to talk to such other and to us and we never could change him."

All the boy's many moments were spent with the fox. He had constructed a comfort until her cost chose like with, and he would sit for hours in front of it. Titus, with a wise wisdom that he never showed to any one else, would lie with his head on his master's knee and look up into his face.

The fox regarded him with an affection that was almost comical. Johnny was the only person who ever came near enough to him to touch him. Horace had tried to do so, but the fox had bitten him severely, and a delightful playmate Titus was, too, for he always let Johnny dress him up in monkey.

Sometimes she would catch Johnny's can, or his gloves, or his mitten in her mouth and run off with them, but she never chewed them or tore them up. Johnny's mother said that it was as long as the boy would be good to the fox, and that he would not be spoiled, and so Johnny let her have her pretty, light-hearted, and happy, but with a keen appreciation of the fun of the new pets on Saturday. His mother dished up the meals, and Johnny and Titus and the fox ate from the same dishes, something, Johnny continued his father's work in the garden, and Titus followed him.

"To give him a cult, John," said Mrs. Wells, suggestively. "He likes animals, and he'd rather be with you than anybody else. Perhaps he'll—"

"Follow," interrupted Mr. Wells, "what fools we humans are! Why, we're all of us a cult. You'd never know it, nor what it would all, either, if you were not told, but a fine thing or an ass, and you're a cult of one, and you're a cult of two, and you're a cult of three, and you're a cult of four," replied the farmer, slowly. "Johnny is a cult, and Titus will be a cult, I guess."

Mrs. Wells said no more. She knew that what her husband had said was almost as good as a command, and that it was no use for her to try for what he said he would not change. Titus would be a cult, and that was the end of it.

Johnny dressed his new friend in his clothes and taught him to sit and stand on the entrance to his farm fronting with a spear.

"Johnny," said his father, "you have been a fool to-day, and you've been a fool before, and you'll be a fool again, and you'll be a fool as long as you live, but you've been a good boy to the fox, and you've taught him a lot of things. You're going to give you one of these cults of yours, and you'll be a cult of two, Johnny, and the both of you will be cults, but you must take care of it yourself. Do you hear me, Johnny? Take care of it. It is to be wholly yours. I shall never take it from you, and your mother will not."

Johnny looked up wide-eyed and angry. "I'm going to take care of it, father," he said, and a dozen times that day he repeated the words to himself. Not for every one of the cults did shake him self confessed: and every time he repeated the words they seemed to give him some new delight. He did not decide that morning, for he could not choose in such a hurry. By noon the choice was narrowed down to two, and by night he had made his final choice, and he rushed to his father with the news. "I'm going to be a cult of Titus, father," he said, "for I think he would be the prettiest cult, and I'm going to give you one of those cults of yours, father, for I think you'd like it best."

Johnny looked up wide-eyed and angry. "I'm going to take care of it, father," he said, and a dozen times that day he repeated the words to himself. Not for every one of the cults did shake him self confessed: and every time he repeated the words they seemed to give him some new delight. He did not decide that morning, for he could not choose in such a hurry. By noon the choice was narrowed down to two, and by night he had made his final choice, and he rushed to his father with the news. "I'm going to be a cult of Titus, father," he said, "for I think he would be the prettiest cult, and I'm going to give you one of those cults of yours, father, for I think you'd like it best."

Johnny was well pleased with the choice that he had made, and he was sure that his father was, too, for his feeling of revulsion did not decrease, for the little sister was dead to Titus, and he was willing to call the dainty pet meticulous creature. Johnny was sure that his father was glad that Titus was going to be a cult of his, for he had been taught as a child to be kind to animals, and to be kind to them.

"Why," Johnny would say, when reproved for his love of Titus's company, "Horace knew as much as possible about foxes, and he said that Titus would not become any smarter than he was. He said that he was born that way, and that it was no use for any one to talk to such other and to us and we never could change him."

All the boy's many moments were spent with the fox. He had constructed a comfort until her cost chose like with, and he would sit for hours in front of it. Titus, with a wise wisdom that he never showed to any one else, would lie with his head on his master's knee and look up into his face.

The fox regarded him with an affection that was almost comical. Johnny was the only person who ever came near enough to him to touch him. Horace had tried to do so, but the fox had bitten him severely, and a delightful playmate Titus was, too, for he always let Johnny dress him up in monkey.

Sometimes she would catch Johnny's can, or his gloves, or his mitten in her mouth and run off with them, but she never chewed them or tore them up. Johnny's mother said that it was as long as the boy would be good to the fox, and that he would not be spoiled, and so Johnny let her have her pretty, light-hearted, and happy, but with a keen appreciation of the fun of the new pets on Saturday. His mother dished up the meals, and Johnny and Titus and the fox ate from the same dishes, something, Johnny continued his father's work in the garden, and Titus followed him.

"To give him a cult, John," said Mrs. Wells, suggestively. "He likes animals, and he'd rather be with you than anybody else. Perhaps he'll—"

"Follow," interrupted Mr. Wells, "what fools we humans are! Why, we're all of us a cult. You'd never know it, nor what it would all, either, if you were not told, but a fine thing or an ass, and you're a cult of one, and you're a cult of two, and you're a cult of three, and you're a cult of four," replied the farmer, slowly. "Johnny is a cult, and Titus will be a cult, I guess."

Mrs. Wells said no more. She knew that what her husband had said was almost as good as a command, and that it was no use for her to try for what he said he would not change. Titus would be a cult, and that was the end of it.

Johnny dressed his new friend in his clothes and taught him to sit and stand on the entrance to his farm fronting with a spear.

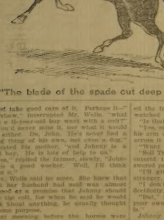
Manufactories are fixed much higher in Italy than in Germany, Belgium and England.

Eat Fruit.

I am trained nurse; 7 years ago I replaced 2 pounds by fruit diet; already have not replaced nothing for 2 years; permanent. Miss J. R. Tooting, 43 Amherst Ave., New York.

Building still goes on merrily in Berlin, although there are 30,000 vacant houses.

Courtship is life's poetry and marriage is the prose.



"The blade of the spade cut deep in her glossy neck."

Though the incident I am about to relate arose from a state of temporary poverty, it may be of interest to those and to those men who enjoy a country with a settled prosperity, and it is with a feeling that I neither went to Canada with the prospect of bettering my condition nor with any intention of remaining there when I went.

Before starting from Strathcona Station, on the Manitoba and Northwestern railway, with that vile wretchedness which only those who have suffered from it can appreciate, I sent the bulk of my luggage on to Edmonton, and with a fellow-traveller, Hayward Bettencourt, Quappelle Valley, made my way to the station. We were provided with a hand-sled for our luggage, and buying our ticket at Strathcona, I found I had but 75 cents left in my pocket. This was evidently the smallness of which sum did not arouse me to consciousness of the fact that the deficit of eventually pulling through. I had a ticket to Edmonton, and that was all I possibly could. This was a matter of no justice to a good breakfast; at noon, we became a prisoner of the police by reason with the Canadian Pacific railway, and I had but a dollar left. Hayward had but two dollars of my dinner when I was arrested, and I had but 75 cents left when I was arrested with a dollar for a debt and excuse of hunger! The thing seemed preposterous, and as I said to Ward, the fellow saw I was frightened, and without any excuse or apology to the contrary, he went off it was. I was compelled to pay the dollar, and I had but 75 cents left when I reached Edmonton. This was a dollar, and, for, beyond being my choice, I had been a prisoner of the police by reason with the Canadian Pacific railway, and I had but a dollar left. I had but two dollars of my dinner

THE MAID OF MONA

A STORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN!

BY JOHN R MUSICK

SYNOPSIS.

In April, 1898, just before the opening of the present war with Spain, Alfred Morton, a geologist and mining expert, and Harry Connor, an ensign in the United States navy on secret service, meet on the island of Poroto Rico, where they bury $50,000 in gold, discovered by the former. Morton desires to wed Nina Geurra before they sail, but he is rendered unconscious by a blow and the girl taken away by her alleged uncle in the smuggling craft, "Maid of Mona," the purpose being to force her into a marriage with Nestor Quesada, a Spanish smuggler. The smuggler is pursued, but escapes. Morton is rescued by the ensign, and they put to sea. The Maid of Mona lands at Cardenas, and Guerra and Quesada decide that Nina shall become the wife of the latter that night. They go to her room, but find that she has escaped. Nina escapes to the mountains, but is pursued by bloodhounds. Morton and the ensign, after the destruction of the fortifications at Mantanzas, receive permission to go ashore. Nina finds a friend in the mountains and is conducted to a cavern occupied by the insurgents. Morton and the ensign witness another naval battle and again land on Cuban soil near Cardenas. They become separated, and Morton finds himself confronted by a force of Spanish soldiers, who call upon him to surrender. Morton is rescued by Cubans and plans to capture the boat Maid of Mona. The ensign escapes into the mountains and there discovers the girl of whom he is in search. While restoring her from a faint which his sudden appearance caused, he is surprised by his enemies. The ensign is rescued by Spanish troopers, and, after many adventures, finds Morton and they come to the neighborhood of Santiago. The Spanish soldiers decide to take Nelly to Cardenas. The old Cuban who rescued Nina reaches the Americans with news of her. The plan to capture the Maid of Mona is revived. The two Americans and their friends capture the Maid of Mona and sail from the harbor. The two girls, by the aid of Nina's old nurse, escape from Cardenas, but are re-taken by tains, and are taken to Santiago.

CHAPTER XVI.
AT SANTIAGO.

The ensign saw that their craft would be sunk in three minutes if the fire was continued from the American vessels. He knew exactly what to do, and quickly ran up the signal of surrender. The firing ceased from the American vessels, but the Spanish forts and gunboats were still blazing away.

"Why can't we—return their shots?" asked Alfred.

"The American vessels would mistake it for firing on them, and we would be sunk," explained the ensign.

So they continued to steam slowly toward the American gunboats which came steadily toward them, keeping a sharp lookout for treachery from the supposed Spaniard. They came up close enough for the American gunboats to hail them, and then some one called out:

"What boat is that?"

"The Maid of Mona," answered the ensign. "A Spanish boat with Yankee and Cuban crew."

"Back, keep back or we will send a shot into you."

"We will keep as far back as you please if you will let fly some of your eight inch shells at the Spanish forts which are shooting at us."

Three or four shells were thrown at the Spanish forts, and they became silent.

A boat was lowered and a midshipman came aboard the Maid of Mona. He was amazed to find an American ensign in command.

"I haven't time to explain in full now," said the ensign, "but I will when I can. Let us get out of range of the Spaniards."

The captain of the boat at daylight received him on board, and he was asked what he expected to do.

"I hardly know, captain. I belong to the Iowa, and should be aboard her now, but there is a young lady in danger from the Spanish guerrillas who must be rescued."

"You can aid her rescue much more by joining your ship," said the captain. "It is not only useless and foolish for you to be risking your life in Cuba alone, but it is contrary to your oath to serve your country. You should be even now with your ship and assist in fighting her battles."

The ensign felt that what the captain said was true. The officer went on:

"There is coming a general smash up soon, and you will be needed. Cervera is in Santiago, and the American fleet is laying at the mouth of the harbor, bottling them up. Shafter's army is on the way to Santiago, and will soon be landing and scaling the hills. There will be a bloody battle there. It may be the only battle of the war. You should be here."

"We will go if permitted to proceed."

"Have you no American flag to fly at your mast head?"

"No, sir."

"You shall have one, and you will do well to keep it flying until you reach your fleet."

He gave him a flag which was run up to the mast head of the Maid of Mona, and the little craft steamed away toward Santiago.

"Harry!" said Alfred when they were under way, "do you suppose we shall ever see them again?"

Harry bowed his head for several moments in silence, and then said:

"I do not know. I hope we shall. I hope that they may find some safe hiding place in the forests of Cuba and remain in there until we can go to them."

The old Cuban came in for a part of the conversation. Morton was strongly in favor of landing and starting again in search of them.

"I don't believe it is best," the Cuban answered. "I am fully as anxious as you to find Senorita Nina, but it would be folly to land along this coast. If they escape, they will no doubt fall in with some of Garcia's men, and they are all concentrated at Santiago, so we will lose nothing and gain much by going directly to Santiago."

The final decision was to go to the beleaguered city, in the hope of learning something of the escaped maidens.

The Maid of Mona was a swift sailer and like a gray hound sped through the waters, cleaving the waves with her sharp prow and sending the spray bounding in every direction.

The day they came in sight of Santiago, Alfred was standing on the forward deck. It was shortly after dawn that the distant mountains like a low mist seemed to rise up from the water.

It took something more than a landman's eye to at first distinguish the difference be-

Nearer and nearer they steamed, and all eyes were strained toward that distant shore.

The long sharp prow like a keen knife went cutting into the waves.

Soon the mountains became tangible things. They assumed shape and form, and then from out the water they saw dark columns of smoke, ascending funnel shaped into the air.

The vessels grew larger as they approached nearer to them, and at last they made out the stately Iowa, the majestic Massachusetts, the Indiana, the Brooklyn, the whole fleet and in addition to the war ships the sea was black with transports.

"The troops have arrived," said the ensign.

"They have," answered a low solemn voice at his side, and turning he saw the old Cuban standing near. "They have come and the days of Spain's tyranny in Cuba are numbered. I hope to live to see two things."

"What are they, senor?"

"The flag of Spain removed from the island of Cuba, and the senorita Nina found and removed from the harm's way of those two villains, Jose Guerra and Nestor Queseda."

"I hope, senor, you may."

"Look, they have sighted us," cried Alfred who had been watching the fleet of American ships.

Two or three of the war ships were steaming toward them. He was soon satisfied that they had suspicions of the mysterious stranger that had come to them.

The foremost war vessel signalled them to stop, and then came along side.

On being hailed they answered that they had captured a Spanish vessel at Cardenas, and had come to participate in the battle of Santiago.

After considerable parleying they convinced the officer in command of the war craft that they were sincere, and the vessel was permitted to come up alongside the ship which towed it back to the fleet.

"Remember that we claim the prize money for the capture of this craft," said the ensign.

"I will see that your rights are respected," returned the officer.

That day the ensign reported to his own ship and was assigned to duty, while Alfred requested to act as a volunteer with the land forces as soon as they were debarked.

The disembarkation went rapidly on.

He went ashore in the morning and already found three or four thousand men on land. The soldiers were moving up the road for Baiquiri, and Cubans were hastening toward them.

He learned that Garcia would that day meet General Shafter in consultation and was anxious to meet the general in order to make some inquiry about senorita Nina. As soon as the interview was over he went to see the general and was told by him that he knew nothing positive of the missing maidens, but that a Captain Comorto had some information about them.

Alfred quickly ascertained the number of the captain's regiment and hastened to find him.

"Yes, senor, I did hear of just two such persons as you inquire about. They were on their way to join General Garcia."

"Did they join him?" asked Alfred, his heart seeming to rise to his throat.

"No. They were overtaken by the guerrillas, I was told, and captured and taken into Santiago."

"Captain, how did you gain this information?" asked Alfred.

"It was through two of the escorts who were bringing them, and the muleteer."

"Could I see them?"

"Yes, sir, I can find them senor."

The captain called an orderly and sent him in quest of some person, and in a few moments the orderly returned with the men who had brought Nina and Nelly across the mountains, and in two days more would have joined Garcia had they not been overtaken by the guerrillas.

"Where did they take them?" asked Arthur.

"They attempted to return to the interior, but Garcia was at that time pressing on to Santiago, and completely cut them off, so they were forced to enter that city."

"And are they there now?"

"Sure, senor."

Alfred then had some wild notion about getting General Shafter to send in for them under a flag of truce, but a friend told him that it was impossible at this stage of the game. The city would not be shelled until the outside fortifications were forced, and the city invested. Then a demand would be made to send all the women and children outside.

"Will they not be in danger inside?" he asked of his army friend.

"Not until the city is invested," he answered.

Next day the advance began in earnest. He went with the volunteer cavalry, which was dismounted, and commonly known as Rough Riders.

They halted at night in a miserable little

The Spanish were driven to their last ditches and the city completely invested.

General Shafter was hurrying up the artillery, and anxious to get it planted that he might bombard the city if it did not surrender.

There was a lull in the fighting, and both armies waited for the great finale which they were sure was soon to come.

It was Sunday morning July 3 that as Captain Evans sat in his office on board the Iowa talking with his son, Ensign Harry Connor who chanced to be on the bridge, cried out:

"What is that black thing coming out of the harbor?"

"The Spanish fleet sure as h—l!" cried one, a brother officer.

Captain Evans was called at once, and ordered a gun fired, and touched a button which meant full steam on.

It was the fleet of Cervera bound to its doom. Fighting Bob ran to the conning tower, and soon they were hammering away at Cervera.

The Christobal Colon taking the lead started to fly away from the bay.

It was brought up forty-two miles away a wreck. The others were scattered along the shore, broken, helpless wrecks, or in flames, and Cervera was brought aboard the Iowa a prisoner. He lost thirteen hundred men prisoners, and three hundred killed and wounded.

There was no longer a fleet to defend Santiago, and the city was at the mercy of the American army.

"Will General Shafter now make a demand on the city and give the women and children an opportunity to come out?" asked Alfred of an army officer.

"I am quite sure he will," was the answer.

Then Alfred went to his tent to escape the soaking shower, to hope and pray that the senorita would be among those who would be permitted to come from the beleaguered town.

CHAPTER XVII.
CONCLUSION.

All through the carnage that had raged about Santiago, three women were confined in an old building in the upper part of the town, and carefully guarded, by half a dozen Spanish guerrillas.

They were Nina, Nelly and the old nurse Dialpha.

"If they knew we were prisoners here the governor general would order us released," said Dialpha.

"The governor general is wounded," said Nina. "I heard one of the sentries say that Linares is wounded."

"Who has succeeded him?"

"General Toral."

"Then he would order us released if I knew General Toral, and know him to be a gentleman."

"How can we communicate with him?" asked Nina.

"Leave that to me," said the old woman. "I will manage some way to elude the rascals and get to General Toral."

"A heavy casket which contained the buried treasure."

village, and next morning began to advance. They had not gone far before they came upon the body of a dead Cuban at a place called Sevilla. They were advancing carefully up a dark ravine when there rang out in front of them the report of a rifle. The shot came like a signal of death. A moment later and a hundred joined in the chorus.

The Rough Riders looked at first as if they would fly, but on a second thought gave forth a conquering yell and pressed on up the ascent.

Shots rang out right and left in the great old wood.

"Forward," cried the brave Colonel Wood. His men were indulging in profanity as well as bullets, and he cried:

"Don't swear, shoot!"

Alfred with his Winchester rifle was pressing along close to the side of Captain Capron, when that gallant officer fell mortally wounded.

He then fell back with the others. It began to look serious for the American volunteers, until they received reinforcements from the regulars, who came up, charged the enemy and put them to route.

The conflict had been severe, and the ground was strewn with dead and wounded. It was ascertained that thirteen of the Rough Riders as they were called were among the slain.

Then for a few days came a halt, and the bringing up of artillery.

Shafter was anxious to be moving on. He had all along feared criticism. Too often men in the highest places ruin themselves and their cause through fear of criticism. Shafter knew that if he waited for artillery, he would be accused of foolish delay. He therefore decided to strike, and strike at once.

The day on which the assaults on San Juan and El Caney were to be made dawned. The night had been cool, and the soldiers had slept on their arms, but the day all knew would be hot. The bugle sounded and they began to advance. The roar from Grimes' battery shortly after daylight, signified that the battle had begun. From that time on the firing was almost incessant.

The rattle of small arms and the roar of cannon made the earth tremble. The American ships off Morro Castle and the Spanish fleet inside the harbor were pouring a continual fire upon the troops. The first day closed with the combatants in the field facing each other. The American loss had been fearful, and the Spanish loss was supposed to be fully as great.

All night long Alfred lay in the trenches awaiting the coming of the dawn, hearing the groaning of the wounded all about him.

Day dawned at last.

It seemed a long night. He often wished that he was one of those lying so peaceful and silent near him. During the night he had frequently been fanned by the great wings of the vultures constantly at hand in the southern countries to feast on the dead.

When morning dawned there was once more activity, and the batteries again opened the conflict. Captain Capron's guns were soon awaking the sleeping echoes, and the Spanish gunners returning the compliment.

All day long July 2 the fighting at Santiago was stubborn.

The Spanish were driven inch by inch and foot by foot from their entrenchments. San Juan Heights were taken and El Caney was ours, but at what an awful cost. General Shafter at first reported the casualties at about four hundred, but they more nearly reached two thousand.

General Toral had just received word from General Shafter that it was his intention to commence bombarding his city at a certain time, and requested him to send out the non-combatants.

General Toral who had been asked to surrender declared that he dared not without consent from his government, that to do so would lay him liable to a court-martial and punishment with death.

He was proceeding down the street. There had been a proclamation issued by him that all non-combatants should leave the doomed town which was to be bombarded at the end of an armistice fixed by General Shafter.

Very glad was he indeed to get rid of the great mass of starving women and children who were consuming the food that was so essential to the soldiers to give them strength to defend the city.

"General Toral, General Toral!" cried a voice near him.

"You she devil how did you come here?" shouted a man's voice, and wheeling about the general saw a Spaniard seizing an old woman by the throat, while he held a sharp knife above her head.

"What does this mean?"

"She is a thief," cried Jose Guerra. "She is a traitress and has betrayed us."

"It is false, general; you know me, it is the nurse, Dialpha, who saved you from death when you had the yellow fever."

"Dialpha, I know you now. Release her, sir."

"She has betrayed her country!"

"Release her, or I will paint the streets of Santiago with your blood," cried the Spaniard.

The rascal released her. At this moment his henchmen Quesada and Carrasa came up to intercede and prevent the old nurse from telling her story.

But the general blew a whistle as a signal for his staff and several came to him.

"General Toral, do you fear us?" asked Guerra.

"Yes, Jose Guerra, I know you. You were the smuggler on the Maid of Mona, and we have long doubted that you would be loyal to Spain, if it was to your interest to be otherwise."

"But I did not mean to harm you."

"Nor shall you harm this woman. Now senora, tell your story."

The senora proceeded to tell him that that there were two young women, one a Cuban and one an American, prisoners in the old house up the street.

"Hold, don't you men leave, or I will order my staff to fire on you," cried the general.

"How did she escape?" Guerra asked Carrasa.

"I don't know."

"Diablo! It has ruined us."

"Yes, Caramba! but she tells the whole story."

The old woman was telling the general how they had been brought to the city and placed captives in the house and guarded ever since, not allowed to come out.

"They were captives of war," said Guerra.

"General, it was their design to force the two young women to wed the rascals Quesada and Carrasa."

"It is false. The senorita Nina is my niece, and she has been very refractory," said Guerra.

"It is false, she is not his niece, and is no relative of his. She is the daughter of Tomaso Marti, the insurgent that was thought to have been killed in 1873."

"Was he not?" asked all present, for all remembered the insurgent of that time.

"No!" she answered. "He was not killed then, and still lives."

"How do you know?" asked Jose Guerra, who allowed his curiosity and eagerness to overcome his judgment.

"Because I have seen him with my own eyes," she answered. "He is, I believe, with the American or insurgent army at this very time."

Then she turned her keen black eyes on Guerra and Quesada, and in a voice of withering bitter scorn, said:

"You are a precious pair of knaves. You know he was not killed, because when you made him a captive you conducted him to Florida, to make him reveal the whereabouts of the treasure he had buried before the war began. You tried by torture, and every way to force him to reveal it, but he escaped you and fled to the swamps. You villains, you took the daughter, then an infant, and it was agreed that she should be known as Jose Guerra's niece, and that at a proper age was to wed Nestor Quesada, than whom there is not a greater rascal on earth. Those were your plans, but the tortured prisoner escaped, and the buried gold is still unknown to you. It will now go to its true owners."

General Toral gazed on the two scoundrels who stood with downcast eyes before their accuser, and after a moment of silence occasioned by surprise, he said:

"Can it be that such a pair of scoundrels as you can be found in the world. Can it be that Spain has been indirectly the innocent cause of upholding such an infamous scheme. I shall place you under guard, and if we should surrender to General Shafter, you will be turned over not as prisoners of war, but as criminals."

He called two officers to him and told them to order a guard to be placed over the three wretches. Then he went to the house with the senora, and finding the two helpless girls prisoners, at once told them that they had their liberty. Next day the long procession of women, children and non-combatants left the city, and poured out of the city in one continuous stream.

Standing at the road side near El Caney were two young men, one in citizen's garb and the other dressed in the uniform of the navy. Anxiously they watched the long line of pale, emaciated faces as they came trooping up the hill, some cheering and others weeping for joy at the prospect of food, shelter, and protection. At last the young man in citizens clothes grasped his companion's arm and cried:

"There they are, Harry. There they come, see, they come."

In a moment the two bounded forward to where two young women marching on either side of an old senora, who seemed acting as their chaperone, was coming.

The scene that followed caused many a smoke begrimmed veteran to gaze at them with stupified amazement.

When the first exuberance of joy had passed away, they went apart to converse more rationally, and make mutual explanations. An old white haired man, whom Senorita Nina recognized as the white haired insurgent she had seen in the cavern followed them.

The senora gazed for awhile in his face and then exclaimed:

"Senor Tomaso Marti!"

"Dialpha," he answered.

"I have remembered your request senor, and have been faithful to your trust. Here is your daughter."

"What in the blazes do you mean?" asked Alfred, his eyes opening wide with astonishment.

"This man is Senor Tomaso Marti, the great insurgent of 1873, who was reported to have been slain. Senor Marti was very wealthy," began the senora. "When the war began he sold all his vast estate and receiving the money in gold, took it to Florida where he concealed it securely from the enemy. He had a wife and one child, a daughter was born while he was in exile years after. He was seized by the buccaneers, Guerra and Quesada, who instead of turning him over to trial, endeavored to make him tell where he had the treasure concealed.

"He never told them and when his wife died on their hands, they took the daughter and I, who was her nurse. That rascal Guerra passed as her uncle."

Little by little the whole story seemed to dawn upon the minds of the Americans.

"Senor, does she tell the truth?" asked Alfred.

"She does."

Alfred led the bewildered senorita to the old man, and said:

"Nina, this man is your father."

* * * * *

Santiago had fallen. The stars and stripes were waving over the conquered city, and the Spanish were laying down their arms. But among all of them could not be found either Guerra, Quesada or Carrasa. Down in one of the dark dungeons they were subsequently discovered, and when their many crimes became known at the suggestion of the commandant they were retained as criminals. They were desperate men, and one night a week later making a desperate effort to escape, a volley was fired at them, all three fell. Carrasa was dead, Quesada dying, and Guerra mortally wounded. The desperate man fought with his captors until life was extinct, and thus perished the three greatest villains of the West Indies.

* * *

Three weeks later a little party arrived at Key West, on the Maid of Mona. It was our friends, whom we have followed so long and learned to love so well. The young ladies were left with the old senora, while the ensign, Alfred, and the Senor Marti went off on some expedition. They were gone a long time, and when they returned they brought with them a heavy casket, which contained the buried treasure. As he opened it up before their astonished eyes, and the golden doubloons glistened in the light, the old man said:

"It all belongs to my child, and the man who shall be her husband next week," and he cast a glance at Alfred. "My other friends shall be amply repaid for their kindness to my unfortunate Nina. I am old, I have not long to be with you. I need nothing."

THE END.

THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

When the World's Fair at Chicago ceased to exist, it was supposed that we should ne'er look upon its like again. However, the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha has effectively reproduced in similarity all of the buildings which made the White City so attractive in 1893.

It does not now take weeks to wander through grounds and structures and then be compelled to go away with a jumble of ideas, for the Omaha Exposition people have profited by past experience, and have so improved the arrangement of exhibits that no more than two or three days of time need be consumed in admiration and inspection of the marvelous resources of the west, collected together in the chief city of Nebraska.

Even the new Midway, is a reproduction of the far-famed Street of All Nations of 1893, with many improvements upon the original.

The electric lighting of the buildings, grounds and lagoon at night makes a scene of enchanting beauty, alone worth traveling a thousand miles to see.

The means of communication between the city and the grounds are ample, and the distance to be traversed is short.

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Excursion tickets are on sale at every coupon ticket office in the United States over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway through Northern Illinois and Central Iowa, as well as at 95 Adams St., and at the Union Passenger Station, Canal and Adams streets, Chicago.

The Japanese have a custom of celebrating the blossoming of fruit trees by a general holiday.

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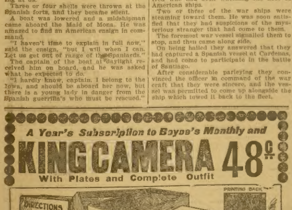
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.



FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

I saw a sweet young mother with
Her first-born at her breast;
"And what's the baby's name?" I asked
Of her so richly blessed.
She looked at me with pity, as
She proudly poised her head;
"We call him Dewey, sir, of course,"
In tender tones she said.

I met a dainty little girl
Who led a kitten by a string,
And as I stroked her head, I asked:
"What do you call the pretty thing?"
She looked at me with wide blue eyes,
And as she went her way,
"I call my kitten Dewey, sir,"
I heard her sweetly say.

I met a curly-headed boy
Who had a brindle pup;
"And what's your doggy's name?" I asked,
As I held the creature up.
He gazed at me in wonder, and
He proudly cocked his head;
"I call him Dewey, sir, of course,"
He pityingly said.

I stopped beside a rustic stile,
And heard a milkmaid sing a song;
"And what's your bossy's name?" I asked
The lassie as she came along.
She looked at me in mild surprise,
And as she strode away,
"Why, Dewey is her name, of course,"
I heard the maiden say.

HOW JIM WON.

They Rode Hard but the Unknown Fellow Came in Ahead.

"I've been interested in sports pretty much all my life," said a traveling salesman at the Hyser recently, "and I want to say right here that the hottest race finish I ever saw in my life—horse, bike or otherwise—was at the first bicycle race given by the Jayville people at their county fair last fall.

"A bicycle race was a decided novelty in Jayville. While the county weekly had often chronicled similar events occuring in the larger cities and commented upon the immense crowds and the attendant excitement the good people of the vicinity had very indefinite ideas upon the subject and were curious to know more. In consequence the usual exhibits attracted very little attention on this particular afternoon. The crowd began gathering early in the day and long before the time for the start the small grand stand was crowded to overflowing with the farmers, their wives, and sweethearts, all exhibiting the greatest interest in the preliminary spins. These trial bursts of speed tended to arouse still more excitement among the spectators. They had never seen anything like it in their lives, and the unanimous verdict was that it was better than a circus.

"When the bell rang, calling the riders into line for the start, fifteen of them responded. Each rider was accompanied by the usual trainer, who makes it a point to seem to care for the welfare of the rider more than the latter does for himself. The starter had stationed himself behind the riders and was calling the roll. When this was finished, it was seen that all were present with one exception. A call was made for the missing man, but as no one replied the starter was about to give the word 'go' when a lone cyclist was seen to ride through the gate near the quarter and wave his hand, as though in warning. The newcomer then rode swiftly toward the grand stand. As there would be danger of collision if the start was made, word was given to the riders to dismount and wait for the lone wheelman. When the latter came up to the racers, he awkwardly jumped from his wheel and asked:

"'Is this the bicycle race?'

"When informed that it was, he expressed a desire to 'go along.'

"'Can't let you in. The entries are closed,' was the brusque reply.

"'Oh, I entered more'n a month ago,' said the stranger, with a cheerfully idiotic smile. 'My name's Jim.'

"With that he showed his receipt, which proved him to be the one man missing. Meanwhile the riders were becoming impatient at the delay, and some of them were passing uncomplimentary remarks directed at the man who had kept them waiting.

"'If you want to get in this race, you won't have much time to get ready,' said the judge. 'All the other boys are in position, and you'll have to get a move on yourself.'

"'I don't want no time,' was Jim's laconic reply. He pulled off his coat and tied it to his handle bars.

"Meanwhile in the grand stand there was considerable excitement and much speculation as to the identity of the stranger. He was dressed in decidedly rural attire, but no one knew him. His wheel was an 1896 make and shabby looking. The man wore a blue shirt and a pair of ordinary overalls, tied at the bottom with a cord. On his head was a cap which was pulled tightly down to his ears.

"Having tied his coat to the handle bars the newcomer announced that he was ready and that the show could begin. He was at the disadvantage of not having any starter and had to mount by himself. The riders were again in line up with Jim on the outside. The pistol was fired and the men were off. Jim got a bad start and was not well under way until the others had at least 100 yards the best of him. Then he leaned over his wheel and commenced to pump. Before the quarter was reached he was riding easily at the end of the string out. Round the riders came, with no particular change as the half was being finished. Jim was still at the end and riding as though he had no interest in the others in the bunch. Nearing the three-quarters there came an increase of speed. Each man was pushing around the curve toward the finish to get the pole for the finish. At this time Jim seemed to wake up, and in a cloud of dust he whirled along on the outside. The foremost riders saw him coming and tried their best to hold their lead, but Jim was riding like a fiend, although his wheel was in the rockiest portion of the track.

"It was an exciting moment, and the people in the grand stand acted as though possessed. Umbrellas and hats were waved wildly in the air, and cries of encouragement were shouted to the riders.

"About 100 yards from the finish the racers spread out. The result appeared to be between the four then in the lead, the others having dropped to the rear and adopted a more leisurely pace. Nearer came the riders through a cloud of dust that almost obscured them from the view of the spectators. Suddenly Jim's head appeared between the two outer riders. Rapidly he dashed to the front, looking neither to the right nor left. The pole man made a last desperate effort to maintain his lead, but Jim had accumulated a fiendish speed, which seemed to increase with each turn of the wheel. He fairly swept to the front, and amid the wildest enthusiasm he rode over the tape fully ten feet ahead of the second man.

"The other riders gradually slackened speed and one by one came back to the judges' stand. The crowd was yelling for Jim, but that peculiar individual paid no attention to them. He had slowed up, untied his coat from the handle bars and with it under his arm was riding toward the gate through which he first made his appearance. The crowd shouted for him to come back, but he jogged along as though unmindful of what had taken place. As he passed through the gate he lifted his cap from his head and drew his sleeve across his brow, as if removing a few beads of perspiration.

"As no one knew who the winner was, the prize money was kept by the management and to this day has never been called for.

"Yes, sir," said the narrator as he lighted another cigar, "that was a race to remember. You can't see one like it every day."

The Man in His Home.

"The seclusion of a home gives to a man a certain freedom and attendant privileges which no other place in the world affords, and it is right that it should," writes Edward Bok of "The Man in His Home" in the Ladies Home Journal. "But it is not right that this freedom and these privileges should be abused to the disadvantage of the wife. Too many men seem to have the idea that they can drop into congenial disconsolate and churlish moods at home with their wives which in any other place and by any other person would not be tolerated. It is when a man is within the walls of his home that he is himself. Then it is that he should be at his best. When a man gives the best that is within him to those closest to him, his home will be the ideal place that he wishes it to be.

"No man has a right to expect from his wife what he on his part does not give her. If he wants her sympathy, he must give her his consideration. If a man lacks the element of consideration, he should cultivate it, and cultivate it not for the sake of his friends, but for those in and of his home. Consideration should begin at home, not in the house of friends, as it so often does, and ends there, too. The atmosphere which a man creates in his home by example becomes the rule by which his children live. The husband and father strikes the keynote for right or wrong living."

Tire Punctures.

A Scottish lunatic doctor thinks that bicycle riding may be a cure for insanity. He has tried it with good results on some of his patients.

Siam's royal family having brought bicycles with it from Europe, every one of Siam is trying to ride a wheel. Great improvements in the roads of the country are looked for in consequence.

Bicycles can be fitted with a new pavement cleaning device to keep the wheel from getting muddy, which is made of a cylinder brush held in a frame ahead of the front wheel and geared to the axle to revolve and sweep the street as the wheelman rides along.

Dead centers on bicycle cranks are eliminated by a new sprocket wheel, which has a curved slot cut on one side of the center, in which a lug on the movable crank fits, and is held in place by a rubber pad, which throws the crank out of line when pressure of the foot is released.

The Elephant's Utility.

The tusks of 75,000 elephants are used every year to supply the world's demand for ivory for piano keys, billiard balls and knife handles.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

In 1890 the United States had only sixteen cement factories; while there are now thirty.

Free to Invalid Ladies.
A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhoea, etc., I will mail free to any lady suffering; how to use it. Address Mrs. [illegible], South Bend, Ind.

The University Press at Oxford has appliances for printing in 150 different languages.

Drunkenness is a Disease.
I will send free book of particulars: How to cure Drunkenness or the Liquor "Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Dr. J. W. Haines, 387 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A shipyard at Ominato, Japan, still in operation, was established over 1300 years ago.

Vanilla brings into Mexico a million dollars or more per annum.

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AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

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$75 Month and Expenses ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

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IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER.

Knew He Was Safe.

He—Reggy Fitzjones has become pecklessly engaged to any number of girls, but he always keeps out of sight.

She—With decency?

He—Oh, yes; he merely has to go and ask their fathers' consent, and it's all over.—Stray Stories.

A Distinction.

"Isn't that new neighbor of yours rather eccentric?" inquired the commercial traveler.

"No," answered one of the village's prominent citizens. "He ain't rich enough to be called eccentric. He's just a plain crank."—Washington Star.

DIFFERENT.

Mr. Swipem—Johnny, the hurts me as much as it hurts you.
Johnny—But not in the same place.

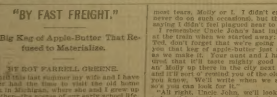
"BY FAST FREIGHT."

A Big Keg of Apple-Butter That Refused to Materialize.

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE.

Until this last summer my wife and I have never had the time to visit the old home back in Michigan, where she and I were so happily married and where we spent the most enjoyable part of our married life.

The firm this year decided to give me a vacation, and as Molly and I had saved up



An Excuse.

Teacher—What are you laughing at? Boy—I ain't laughin'—me face slipped.

a little money for a rainy day, we agreed to spend it on a trip to the old home for a season of our youth, the old home and our old friends.

We packed our trunks, bought our tickets, and what a glorious time we did have about the old place. The apples on the trees in the hardened branches bloom down at you with that ruddy glow never seen even on a rosy maiden's cheeks. Molly's cheeks were that way when she was a girl, and I'll bet they were when her mother's were just seventeen, though the few weeks down at the old home brought a little of the oldtime glow to the cheeks on which I pressed how's first sweet kiss.

Well, as I was saying, we spent our four weeks' vacation out at the old place, boating and casting around among the old haunts and visiting old friends. It was all too soon we had to come back to the city, it was big and thick as to who would brush away the most tears, Molly or I. I didn't cry (men never do as do children), but that don't mean saying I didn't feel plagued near to it.

I remember that Johnny had instruction at the train when we started away: "Now, Ted, don't forget that we're going to send you that keg of apple-butter just as soon as we get home, and be sure and have the cover that it's in nailed down tight, for you ain't Molly up there in the city next winter, and we'll sort o' run of the old home, you know. We'll write when we send it, so's you can look for it."

"All right, Uncle John, we'll look for it, and all about the coming of winter and home-made apple-butter with pleasure, indeed. Good-by, good-by, Aunt Molly, good-by, Cousin Johnny. Have a good-by and a wave and handkerchief to the old home folks until the train bore us from their sight.

The next morning I was back at my desk in the office, and was telling everyone about the good time I had had, when the office boy brought me a telegram. It was from Johnny, and read as follows:

"Ship keg apple-butter at once. Have been looking for it for two days. Answer immediately."

It seemed an inconsiderate time before my friends to ask for the keg, but I thought that Johnny knew what he was about, so I thought I called at the freight office every day for a week to see if the package had yet arrived. Each time I was doomed to disappointment, and then one week the surprised and anxiously stretched out over a month. Communication with Molly I at last concluded to call around again, and this time see the freight agent in person. I did so, and after a make complaint at so much delay and secertain if possible where the thing was.

At the great freight office I managed to secure an audience with the highest official, and my fluency of language aroused the promise that he'd look into the matter himself, and at once. Following him to the place where the records were kept, I heard him call out to a clerk to look up the matter of a keg of apple-butter that was being held for freight. All the while he kept up a running fire of questions all of which I managed to answer with equanimity, until the fury had.

"Let's see, where did you say it was shipped from, Michigan," I answered.

Another volume came down from the shelf, was looked over and replaced and the unruffled official interrogated: "Where did you ship it?"

"Yes, sir."

Another volume was loafed over, placed back on the shelf, and the official drawled out in a bored way:

"Number of consignment?"

I mentioned the exact date of Uncle John's letter, something over six weeks before.

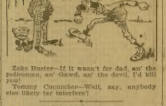
"September 20, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

The official looked up from a new volume he had just opened and queried reflectively: "This year?"

"Why, of course without so much as a moment's warning, and just how I managed to survive the shock to my already overwrought nerves I cannot tell. I only remember that I must be a raving maniac to me and I must be so regarded, for they know that the placid, serene official sat in mute surprise and wondered the while I standed myself against the door and then passed out from him forever.

That far the apple-butter has not been heard from.



Zeke Baxter—If it wasn't for dad, an' the policeman, an' Gawd, an' the devil, I'd hit you!

Tommy Cucumber—Well, say, anybody else likely to interfere?

Wife's Awful Dread.

Once Professor Sylvester purchased a new pair of trousers and wore them to the university. His wife, who was well aware of his absent-minded habits, knew nothing of the purchase. An hour or so after Professor Sylvester arrived at the university Mrs. Sylvester was seen running breathlessly down the street in search of her husband.

Meeting one of the professor's chums, she inquired hastily and anxiously, "Have you seen Professor Sylvester?"

"Yes," answered the astonished professor. "What, is he all right—everything all right?" asked the anxious spouse.

"Why, certainly," replied the professor, "quite yourself. Your husband is perfectly well. I saw him but a moment ago."

"But I mean," said the almost frantic woman, "did you notice anything peculiar about him? Did he look as he ought to look? Oh, did he—did he——"

"Why, no," replied the professor strolled around the corner with the new trousers on, to the intense relief of both his wife and the other professors.

His Awful Fate.

"I tell ye, Rory Dubblechuk has got a terrible revengeful disposition," said Parson Grindrock, reaching behind the kitchen door for a hoeshuck. "He don't stop at nothin' when he's aroused."

"What are ye talkin' about him, Larsan?"

"Why," was the reply, "he's been writin' letters to Congressman Pettibone ever since the war began, advisin' the gov'ment how to conduct hostilities, and now, from his instructions ain't been regarded at all, he's got mad, and I heard him sayin', over to the store today, that hereafter he wasn't goin' to say a word, no matter what happened, but would just set back in scornful silence. I reckon that's the severest way to overcome wrath if it wasn't for——"

JAGGLES.

BY JONAS DUTTON.

He who succeeds is a pervert to the one that fails.

When one loses his self respect he is sure to lose his credit.

Literary talent which buds in the south blossoms in the north.

No one should be contented as to reasons passive to pessimism.

The sweetest fruit from which we should require toil are friends.

He is an honest baker who eats a piece of his own Washington pie.

The more questions a child asks the more he will be able to answer.

A quick temper frequently causes trouble but a slow one causes more.

The greatest warrior is he who can truthfully say: "I am the Napoleon of myself."

The singing of a nightingale is as certain as the howling of a dog to foretell a death.

One had better have a ginger-cake in himself than to be without one in the bakery.

Self-praise is the odor of the tempter softly pleasing, after awhile it perceptorily contrasoils.

A Christian will allow no one to do fifty cents forth for him for less than half a dollar.

There may be a turning point to every taner, but to some the turning point is so far off that they break down before reaching it.

Pride deprives the world of half its pleasures. Many a trip would be taken on the merry-go-round but for what one's friends would say.

One should be proud of noble ancestors, and exhibit their virtues at home, but if he has them not he should so live that his children can have them.

His Rise in the World.

"Some day," said the bell boy, whom the others had disheartened by their tales of laziness, "I shall be in a position to look down on you fellers."

He kept his word. Next day he was a supe in the roof garden theater on top of the hotel.

Presence of Mind.

"The orchestra prevented a panic."

"How?"

"Yes; the moment the alarm of fire was given they began to play a Sousa-phone-phony, and nobody dared leave the theater for fear of being thought lacking in musical taste."

Silly Fellow.

"He is the silliest boy you ever heard of. He writes on twice a day."

"Why, absolutely foolish, Nell! What does he do the rest of the day?"

"He says he spends it in reading the letters I write him."

She Was Costly.

Father-in-Law—When I give you my daughter I give you the costliest thing on earth.

Groom—For heaven's sake, what does she cost, Dad, and why didn't you tell me so before?

"NOT NECESSARILY LACKING MERIT."

Young Author—You will not accept my manuscript, then?
Editor—Regretfully, my dear sir, but I hope you will accept my congratulations.

Young Author—For what?
Editor—Your beautiful penmanship!—Up-to-Date.

The Enemy Outwitted.

A curly head, Michigan, I answered.

Another volume came down from the shelf, was looked over and replaced and the unruffled official interrogated: "Where did you ship it?"

"Yes, sir."

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"Yes, sir."

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"Why, of course without so much as a moment's warning, and just how I managed to

A Mistaken Impression.

"That," said Mamie, the distinguished stranger entered the room, "is the Victoria."

"Is it?" inquired Mamie, in a tone of great interest. "How many century runs must you make to get one?"

In Darkest Africa.

"You are suffering, your majesty, from slow heart action and chill feet. Nothing like much Philadelphia missionary."

Exit Chief and invokes the dose to a drummer.—Life.

Off to the Front.

They found her hurriedly packing a valise.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"To the front," she replied.

"But I thought you didn't believe in women going to the front?"

"I don't," she answered, "but as long as they insist on going, if you think I am going to stay at home and knit socks for the boys in those summer Red Cross rooms, you or my Harold back to health if he is wounded, you are greatly mistaken. I'm going to be on hand myself."

Not That Kind.

Smack Corner the fisher-man—I'm sorry to hear you were the worse for liquor last night, Sam. You take after your father.

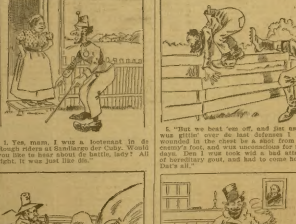
Sam—No, sir; I don't. Father never leaves none to take.

THE REASON WHY.

Enraged Parent—What! Not marry my daughter? Why, sir, you have sat with your arm about her hour after hour.

The Young Man—Yes, that long to keep her from singing.—The Gentlewoman.

A Study of Patriotism and the Race Hoss.



1. Yes, mam, I was a lootenant in de Rough riders at Sandiarge der Cuby. Would you like to hear about de battle, lady? All right. It was just like dis.

2. "For see, we hadn't had no sleep for over t'ree weeks, and was jist startin' to get our blankets out to do crashes when we was surprised by de enemy. Der raked us fore an' aft for a while."

3. "But we soon rallied and made a most magnificent charge across de field."

4. "As we was tearin' down some of de barb wire defenses we was attacked in de rear by some reinforcements for de enemy."

5. "That we beat 'em off, and just as we was gittin' over de last defenses I was wounded in the leg by a shot from de enemy's foot, and was unconscious for a few minutes. When I come to I had a splendid hemorrhage goot, and had to come home. Dat's all."

6. "Say, it does beat de Dutch how much one of us gents, with a leetle imagination, kin git out o' dem deer, confidin old ladies wid a little seller fable—a mos' elegant good one, too—an old suit of de dooce's."—Boston Globe.

Not to Be Fooled.

"Now, just you go right along; you needn't stop here," said Farmer Hayfork, authoritatively. "I don't want no lightning rods.

"I am not selling lightning rods," replied the agent, with a pleasant smile, "but a wonderful invention of the latest arrained the tra of Farmer Hayfork.

"I don't keer what yer sellin'," replied the farmer. "I don't want it, an' won't take it, and that's all there is about it. I know the tricks of you city sharpers. I read the papers. I know all about you an' you are the kind that sell patent pumps, or any interesting charm, or patent Egyptian cures from Cairo, Egypt, to perambulate with, and I don't want to take any mowers on trial, either, nor sign a receipt for it and have it come back as a money-day note for $150. No, sirree. And you can't buy my farm, either, and then have me buy it back at a profit. I know all about you fellers, and if you've come along and offered me what you gave for it. Nixy! I'm no chicken. Now clear out."

"I only want——"

"Oh, yes; you only want to get my name to anything at all, so you can make a note on of it. I'm up to all such tricks. I read the papers."

"I only want to show you our new patent invisible hens' nest."

"What on airth is them?"

"It's an ordinary barn nest, only it reverses itself every time a hen lays an egg, and drops the egg into a basket below."

"What good is that?"

"Why, you see, the hen turns round to look at the egg, but it ain't there, and she concludes she didn't lay any, and sits right down and lays another one, and so on. Only fifty——"

"By gum! Gimme a dozen."

A NICE ARRANGEMENT.

Young Wife—You are sure, now, that you have arranged it so no one will suspect that we are just married?

Husband (who has just met an old friend)—Bother life they dear. I just (hic) registered as under their different names!—Up-to-Date.

AN INSURGENT.

"William, you have been pulling that stick from the tree—I shall thrash you with it."

"Sir, I can no longer consent to your interference. I am now of an age to thrash myself should I deem it necessary."